

THE

Elks

MAGAZINE



JUNE
1946



*Enjoyment
rare as a
summer day*

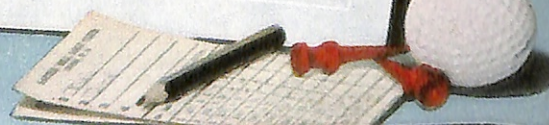
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When you taste SCHENLEY Reserve, you will know why it is America's largest selling whiskey. Its rich, smooth flavor comes of quality ingredients skillfully blended. Try SCHENLEY Reserve soon. Blended Whiskey 86 proof. 65% grain neutral spirits. Schenley Distillers Corp., N. Y. C.



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RESERVE
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A Message from the GRAND EXALTED RULER



TWIXT Dream and Deed" is the title of the moving picture that will soon be released by the Grand Lodge. It is the story of Elkdom from the dreams of the founders in 1868, through the deeds of our great Order to the present time. No effort has been spared during the year that the film has been in production, to make it something that we will be proud to show our members, old and new. It is a professionally-made production.

It has been my opinion since becoming Grand Exalted Ruler that many of our new members never get to know the true story of Elkdom and merely become "club members". My Deputies and myself have been continually saying that we need to educate Elks in Elkdom and to assimilate our new members. The initiation of great numbers of men who merely become lukewarm members does not give stability year in and year out. The slightest gust of depression winds will blow the names of such members from our rosters. It is only when they truly become acquainted with the great deeds of Elkdom that they say with pride, "I am an Elk!" Members who are proud of their Order are not dropped for non-payment of dues.

"Twixt Dream and Deed" will be released on 16-millimeter sound or silent film that can be shown on amateur projectors. Both will be in color. A complete description of the contents would be impossible, but the Elks National Home, the Memorial Building, typical Elks

lodge homes and activities, war work, charity work, etc., will be shown. Professional actors dressed in the garb of 1868 depict the founding of our Order.

It is my opinion that most lodges will profit by owning their own copy. It will be furnished to them at the cost of the raw film used, \$100 for the silent version or \$125 in sound. The master film from which the copies are made will cost the Grand Lodge \$40,000.

If every lodge, after showing the movie to its members, civic clubs, etc., could have its own copy available to show to new members, they would become better Elks. Often it would be advisable to give a dinner for all new members who have been initiated during a given period and on this occasion show the picture. Copies will, however, be on hand to be furnished to lodges without charge for one-day use.

Orders to purchase the film will be filled as received by the Chicago Film Laboratory, Inc., 18 West Walton Place, Chicago 10, Ill.


Fraternally yours,

A handwritten signature in dark ink, reading "Wade H. Kepner". The signature is written in a cursive, flowing style.

WADE H. KEPNER
GRAND EXALTED RULER



REFRESHING!



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THE Elks MAGAZINE

NATIONAL PUBLICATION OF THE BENEVOLENT AND PROTECTIVE ORDER OF ELKS OF THE UNITED STATES OF AMERICA. PUBLISHED UNDER THE DIRECTION OF THE GRAND LODGE BY THE NATIONAL MEMORIAL AND PUBLICATION COMMISSION

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JUNE 1946

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IN THIS ISSUE We Present—

WE LIKE our cover by Ron McLeod. We like the sleek new cars and the idea that once again you can roll along the highways. But what we like best about the cover is that old Model "T" chugging over the crest of the hill. Now, *that* was a car! Remember the pedal gears and the hand throttles?

Our small-boy-of-the-month is Kent Richards who is fascinated by private detectives. He finds that the next best thing to playing cops-and-robbers is writing about them. If you snoop through the magazine you will find "Is there a Detective in the House?"

Are you tired and listless? Do you have spots before your eyes? Well, "Brighten the Corner" will clear up all this. Hiram K. Smith, Jr. will tell you that changing the color in your office, home, factory or lodge will have amazing results. It must be done scientifically. Get a bucket of paint and a brush and go to work.

Under the heading of sports we offer you both fiction and fact. "The Pay-Off" by William Holder is a dramatic baseball story illustrated by John J. Floherty, Jr. John Lardner gives us "Busted But Willing", an article about the coming Louis-Conn championship fight which also gives you some ring side dope on the moneys collected and disbursed and why. This article is enough to make a lodge Secretary think that he has a picnic.

The "theatah" and the cinema hold the stage on pages 14 and 15. There you will find a sneak preview of the entertainment which "We Recommend".

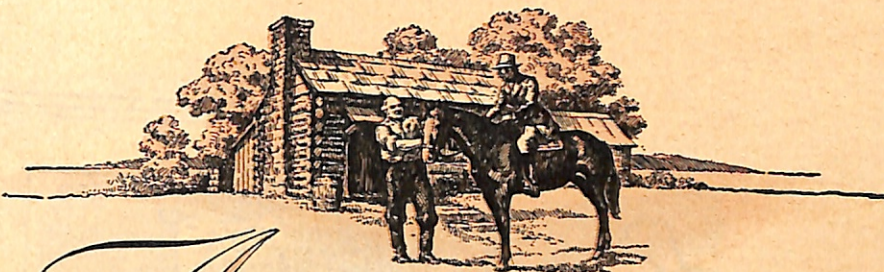
If you are coming to the Convention in New York in July you will most certainly want to read Al Frantz's "Vacations Unlimited" on page 16. Al has divulged a great deal of what he knows about New York, its restaurants, nightclubs, beaches, theaters and other spots to visit. It's our own Baedeker designed to help you take the town apart.

This year's Convention will be enough to break all conventions by having a double representation of delegates. So that you will be posted on all that is planned for you we are publishing on page 22 the Grand Lodge Convention Program. It looks like hard work and fun.

Harry Hansen reviews the best sellers to be; Ed Faust carries on with his purps; W. C. Bixby has rooted out new "Gadgets and Gimmicks" for you, and Kent Richards reassures us that "It's a Man's World".

A newcomer to our pages is Ted Trueblood. Ted is a fisherman and hunter of note, a quiet guy who probably got that way by spending so much time away from square miles of concrete. We know that you will enjoy his "Rod and Gun" column on page 48. We're not just fishin', either.

F. R. A.



*And so its fame began to
spread 100 YEARS AGO*

The friendly custom of Col. James Crow
was to let no traveler pass his distillery without inviting him in
to partake of some of his excellent whiskey.

THOSE IN THE KNOW—ASK FOR

**OLD
CROW**

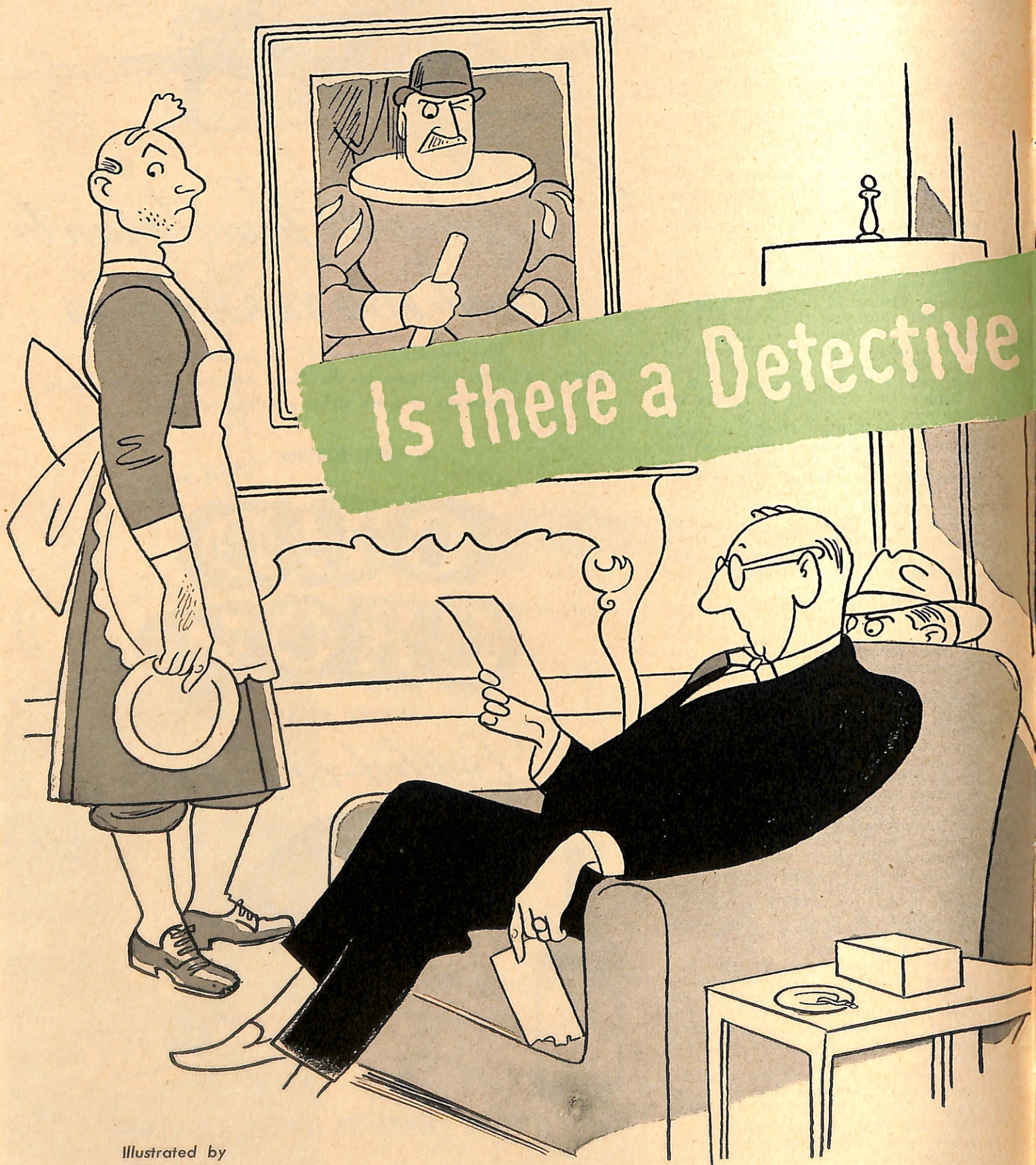
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A Truly Great Name
AMONG AMERICA'S GREAT WHISKIES

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Illustrated by
REA IRVIN

The private detective

lives a life that is

neither glamorous

nor unprosperous—

in the House?

By Kent Richards

DON'T look now, but that man behind you may be a private detective. And if he is, you might just as well give yourself up because your chances of getting by with whatever little deal you're pulling are as weak as an overtaxed kidney.

Private detectives are efficient, ubiquitous, independent ferrets who are called upon to do just about everything there is.

They may shag after a two-timing husband or wife to get evidence for a divorce package or for a surgically neat piece of extortion. They may take a job as a file clerk to put the finger on who stole ten bucks from a stenographer's pocketbook. A political group with an eye on a forthcoming election may hire them to turn up a little graft on the rival candidate; or, if graft is not available, to uncover anything which will irritate the olfactory nerves of the voters. They solve crimes, dig up sin, check on the betrothed of overseas servicemen, and spy on unions or managements with bored neutrality.

They protect female hotel guests from importuning mashers and save romantic executives from impecunious and avaricious blondes. They search for carelessly mislaid jewels, track down insurance frauds, locate thousands of missing persons and, in general, try to keep their fellows from reverting to the social anarchy of early cavemen. Some of the best of them become cynics; some of the best of them maintain an almost sophomoric faith in man and his works. They get hungry three times a day and tired at night. They find their work thrilling about as often as a good librarian gets a spine tingle from her job. Only a few of them are in the real money; the rest just grub along. If there is any single characteristic which may be applied

to them as a class it is this: they don't look and they don't act like detectives—that, and the fact that they are universally adored by small boys.

Not the least interesting aspect of the detective business is the slightly seamy side which is concerned with procuring evidence to be used in divorce cases. A lot of private dicks with fastidious tastes won't touch this kind of trade, and several of the larger outfits, like William J. Burns, have an inviolable policy against it. Nevertheless, such practitioners flourish and their business in many cases is perfectly legal and not unprofitable. Since this work often involves breaking into apartment and hotel rooms in order to gather evidence, neither is it entirely without excitement. Many a dick in the domestic trade has been smacked for a mouse by an indignant though not guiltless male, whose peccadilloes have been thus unceremoniously interrupted.

Closest to the domestic case in providing immediate excitement is serving subpoenas. For some unaccountable reason people resent subpoenas as being an obnoxious encroachment on their inalienable rights as citizens. When served they want to give vent to helpless rage by busting someone on the nose. Usually there is no one else but the detective around. One detective after weeks of effort caught his victim in the bath, served him and ran like the dickens. Yelling with rage, his victim chased him down two flights of apartment house stairs before realizing that he was stark naked and that people were popping their heads out of doors and staring at him.

This same detective was once endeavoring to serve a woman who knew him by sight and was at some pains to avoid service. Undetected

he had followed her and a male companion to a swank apartment house. She entered the revolving door and the detective jumped into the section behind her, leaving her companion on the sidewalk. But glancing over her shoulder she spotted him. Instead of going into the lobby she continued round and round in the revolving door. Helpless, he followed. After several revolutions he saw her companion calling instructions each time she passed the sidewalk. Finally when her section was at the right point her companion put his foot in the door and blocked its further revolutions. Trapped, the detective could do nothing but watch her get away. When he was finally released it was his turn to want to bust somebody's snoot.

"But just then this fellow breaks out laughing," the detective recounted, "and I could see that it was so darn' funny that I bust out laughing too. I knew when I was licked. I took him in and bought him a few drinks."

There is no use trying to describe a typical detective because there isn't any such thing. In general they come under two headings. One is what the hard-boiled school describes as "a good tail". In the pigskin glove, or William J. Burns school, such operators are described with a sinister politeness as "excellent surveillance men". In either case these dicks follow people and are good at it, which means they neither lose the quarry nor arouse his suspicions. Their services are charged for at around \$12 for an eight-hour day. The chase never becomes so hot that they forget when the eight hours are up, either. Which is too bad, because characters who look and act like detectives will follow a scent to the ends of the earth or, if they are

They will follow a scent to the ends
of the earth.



minor characters, till they drop dead from a bullet wound in the middle of the second reel.

The second broad classification of detectives is described as investigators. Anybody who isn't a surveillance man, or who isn't earning a pretty good salary supervising, is classed as an investigator. There isn't much mystery about them either. Principally they look things over and ask questions. Their formula may be a little more varied than that of a Gallup pollster but to those who don't know what they are after, as is usually the case, the questions sound about as silly. They have it on the Gallup boys, though, because they know what is significant. They can put two and two together and come up with something which may be worth their \$12 a day and up, and again it may not.

The fact that the detective business is on the whole a pretty dull affair is no reflection on the importance of the private detective to those of us who have a fondness for a well-ordered, law-abiding country to live in. On the contrary, if it were not for the work of private detective agencies, we would face immediate social chaos. Not only are the police prohibited from doing much of the work undertaken by the agencies, but without them it would be necessary to double or triple our police personnel. We would also have to give police

authority to operate on a national basis instead of keeping them confined within community boundaries to which they are now restricted. The private detective is indispensable and has been for some 5,000 years.

The private agency man can count himself essential, all right, but it is doubtful if he will get anything more out of it than the kind of uplift an "essential" status gives to a GI currently stationed in Tokyo or Berlin. One reason detectives don't get more of a kick out of their work is because of its eternal anonymity. The bigger the case the less they can say about it. If they aid in the successful solution of a criminal case they must, because of policy, step into the background and let the police take the public credit. Such self-effacement pays off in the long run, cooperation of police departments being essential to success in many operations. The police chief wasn't born who wouldn't welcome as a buddy someone who would help solve his crimes and yet disappear when the news photographers began popping flashbulbs.

It wasn't like that in the old days. Men like Pinkerton and Burns received tremendous publicity for the cases they solved which, considering what they had to work with, were more astonishing than the miracles which Mr. Winchell would have us believe are daily turned out by the F.B.I. As a matter of fact it was

William J. Burns who started the F.B.I. when, under the Harding administration, he was plucked out of his private agency to create a central investigating unit for the Federal Government. It was he, too, who selected an unknown but brilliant young lawyer named J. Edgar Hoover to be his assistant and trained him in the investigating techniques which were the foundation of what is now, despite Winchell, generally regarded as the hottest aggregation of dicks in the world.

Burns was quite a character. Everyone laughed at the Sherlock Holmes front-and-back hunting cap he wore except the people he was after. Burns cracked the notorious *Los Angeles Times* dynamiting case with evidence so strong that the famed criminal lawyer, Clarence Darrow, admitted defeat and entered a plea of guilty for his clients, the MacNamara brothers. He broke up a political ring in Atlantic City which operated on the startling principle that the way to give the taxpayer an even break was to share equally with him—fifty cents of the tax dollar for the city, and fifty cents for themselves.

There were a lot of people with reason to fear Burns. He was tough. During his heyday he sent 33 men including a U. S. Senator to jail for stealing from the Government some of the most valuable timberland in Oregon.

Burns discovered and trained the noted Raymond C. Schindler, who, working closely with Burns, got the evidence that sent Hiram Johnson to the Senate from California for more than a generation. On the basis of Burns' evidence Johnson successfully prosecuted the principals in the Abe Reuf machine which was bleeding San Francisco white. It started Johnson off on the most important political career in California history.

Many of the country's most successful detectives were former Burns men and owe their sound grounding in the business to that remarkable organization. One of the best known is Schindler who headed the Burns New York office after the San Francisco clean-up.

Schindler's most dramatic case was the solution of a hammer murder for which an innocent Negro had been arrested and was obviously set to be railroaded. To get evidence that would convict—finding the guilty person is often the easiest part of the job—Schindler had a detective befriend his suspect, a close-mouthed German; live with him for weeks as a compatriot, and stage a fake murder with the German present. From the regular press run of an established daily newspaper he had printed a single copy containing the story of

the "murder". The detective booked passage "home" to Germany to escape, so he confided to the suspect, the consequences of his "crime". All of this failed to break down the man Schindler believed guilty. But he did beg the detective to take him back to Germany also. Playing his last card, the detective said he couldn't; the man knew too much and might some time turn him over to the authorities. To convince the detective that he would do no such thing, the desperate but imperturbable German confessed the hammer murder in full detail. This confession made a story-book ending. It arrived just after Schindler had been notified by his client that he was being taken off the

case so that the prosecution of the Negro could go ahead without further delay.

Another famous detective didn't turn out so well. Starting as an office boy in a large agency, by the time he was 22, Noel C. Scaffa had sent a guilty woman to prison for life. A few years later he was in business for himself and demonstrating a remarkable talent for recovering stolen jewelry. He catapulted into national prominence when in 1925 he recovered \$683,000 worth of baubles for the nickel and dime heiress, Jessie Woolworth Donahue. Within ten years after that he was widely credited with having solved cases involving a total of no less than

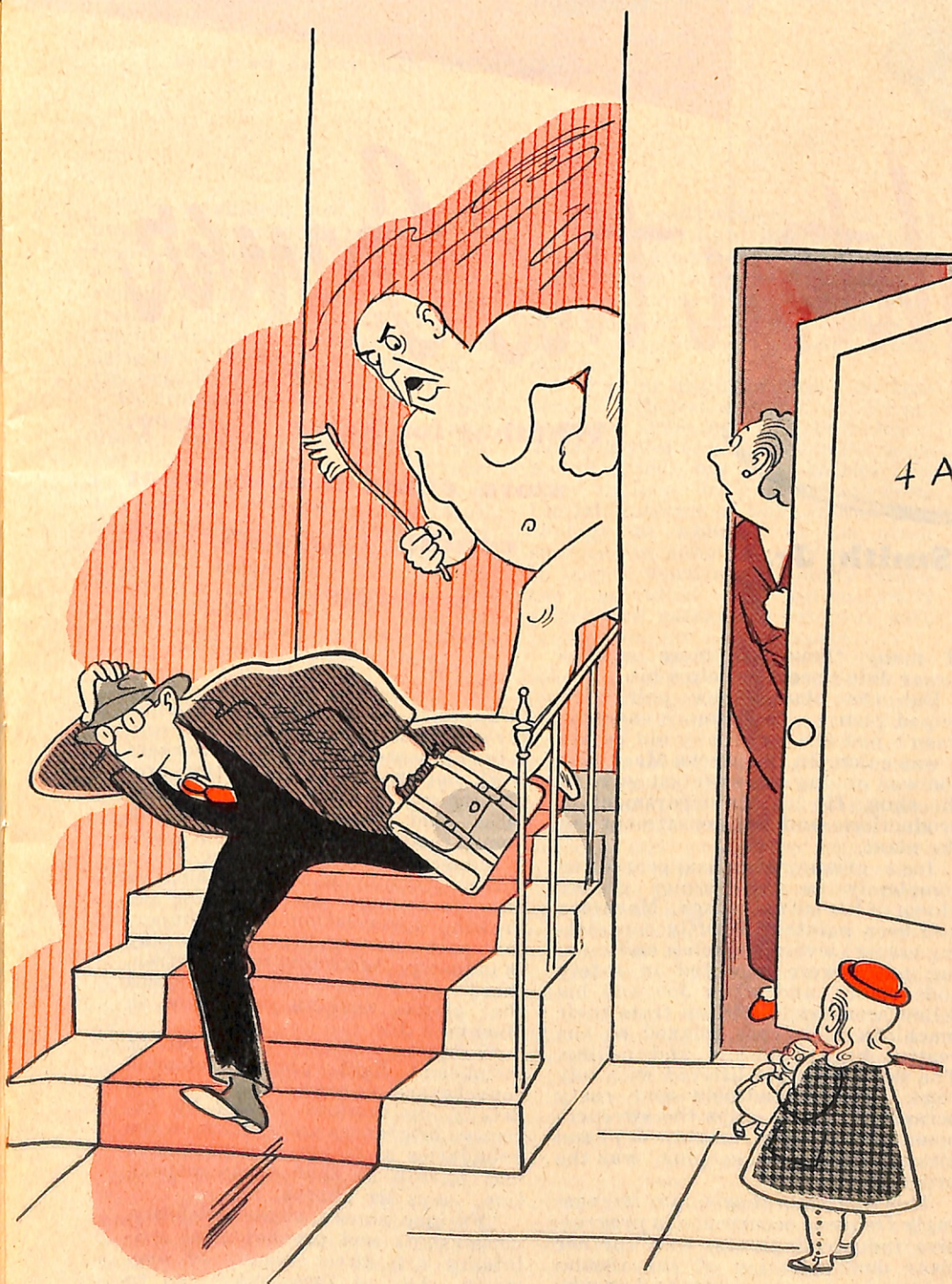
\$10,000,000. Scaffa made no bones of the fact that he often bribed the guilty with small sums to return stolen jewels and thus avoid certain apprehension and conviction. Criminals apparently trusted him.

But in 1935 something happened. Mrs. Margaret Hawkesworth Bell was robbed of jewels insured by Lloyds for the not insignificant sum of \$185,000. Scaffa magnificently volunteered his services, which were accepted, and went to work. Immediately the case clouded up and began to smell odiously. The jewels were found in the customary Scaffa-trice, but some smart people became curious and began to ask questions.

Under oath, Scaffa allowed as how he had found the jewels in the bottom of his car, presumably where the thieves had returned them. Unfortunately he had in fact arranged the discovery of the jewels in a railroad lock-box in the presence of police to whom he wanted, he later said, to give credit for finding them. When this came to light Scaffa claimed that in return for a consideration the key to the lock-box had been given him by the thief. But this also was proved false and he was by then 'way over his head. Scaffa obviously lied in his teeth and they sent him away for perjury without attempting to prove that he was in actual cahoots with the criminals. The possibility that he may have been splitting his fees with a gang and that this, and other robberies, were planned with him in advance, is given motivation by the fact that Lloyds paid him \$41,500 to recover the Bell jewels and would have paid up to \$75,000 to make sure of their return. Nice business if you can get it.

But for every detective who makes the headlines there are a hundred outstandingly capable men known only to their employers—crack law firms, insurance companies and major corporations. These are the boys who doggedly gather evidence of trade mark or patent infringements, keeping after some of them for years. The play in this game is for high stakes. The most valuable possession of many companies is their trade mark. People buy the brand because they have always bought it, because they have confidence in it, because they lack imagination enough to try something else. Owners of valuable trade marks usually strive to maintain a high and constant quality. But the customer does not closely analyze the quality of the product and compare that with competitors. If he thinks he recognizes the brand, that's enough for him. So the trade mark must be protected and defended literally at all costs. So, too,

(Continued on page 38)



He chased him down two flights of apartment house stairs.



By Hiram K. Smith, Jr.

**Whether for home, factory,
store, office or club, color
conditioning can work
wonders.**

WISE-CRACKS flew thick and fast as workers in a large factory watched painters and maintenance men cover gloomy gray and dirty white walls with pleasant shades of blue and yellow, brown and green. Even floors and machines got new coats of cheerful colors.

It looked pretty, all right—almost too pretty. One gnarled old machinist wiped his hands on a greasy rag, threw it on the floor, and stomped away to the washroom for a smoke.

"Sissy stuff!" he growled to a crony. "Now we got interior decorators workin' in this shop."

His friend didn't reply, for Machinist Joe had become increasingly irritable in recent weeks. For that matter, so had most of the other workers. Production was falling off despite longer hours. Accidents were appallingly frequent, and the safety engineer's wife had threatened to go home to mother because he, she claimed, was cross as a bear. First Aid was in constant turmoil because workers streamed in all day, all shifts, with countless real and fancied ailments; all of them complained of tired eyes and headaches. Even installation of new lighting fixtures

of many thousands more candle-power didn't seem to help a bit.

But the plant's new paint job helped plenty. To be more exact, it wasn't just the paint, any old paint; it was color. In two weeks Machinist Joe was among the sweetest guys in the shop. He led his department in production—and the department led the plant.

Joe's grumpiness disappeared as completely as the former greasy gloom of his surroundings. Machines had been painted in softly contrasting colors; levers, switches and moving parts were accented in safety code colors, and when Joe and his fellow workers looked up from their machines their eyes relaxed on the restful hues of walls and ceiling. The floor, hitherto littered with oily rags, "lost" handtools and rusty scraps and metal chips the sweepers couldn't see, was bright, dry and clean. "Good housekeeping" was the order of the day.

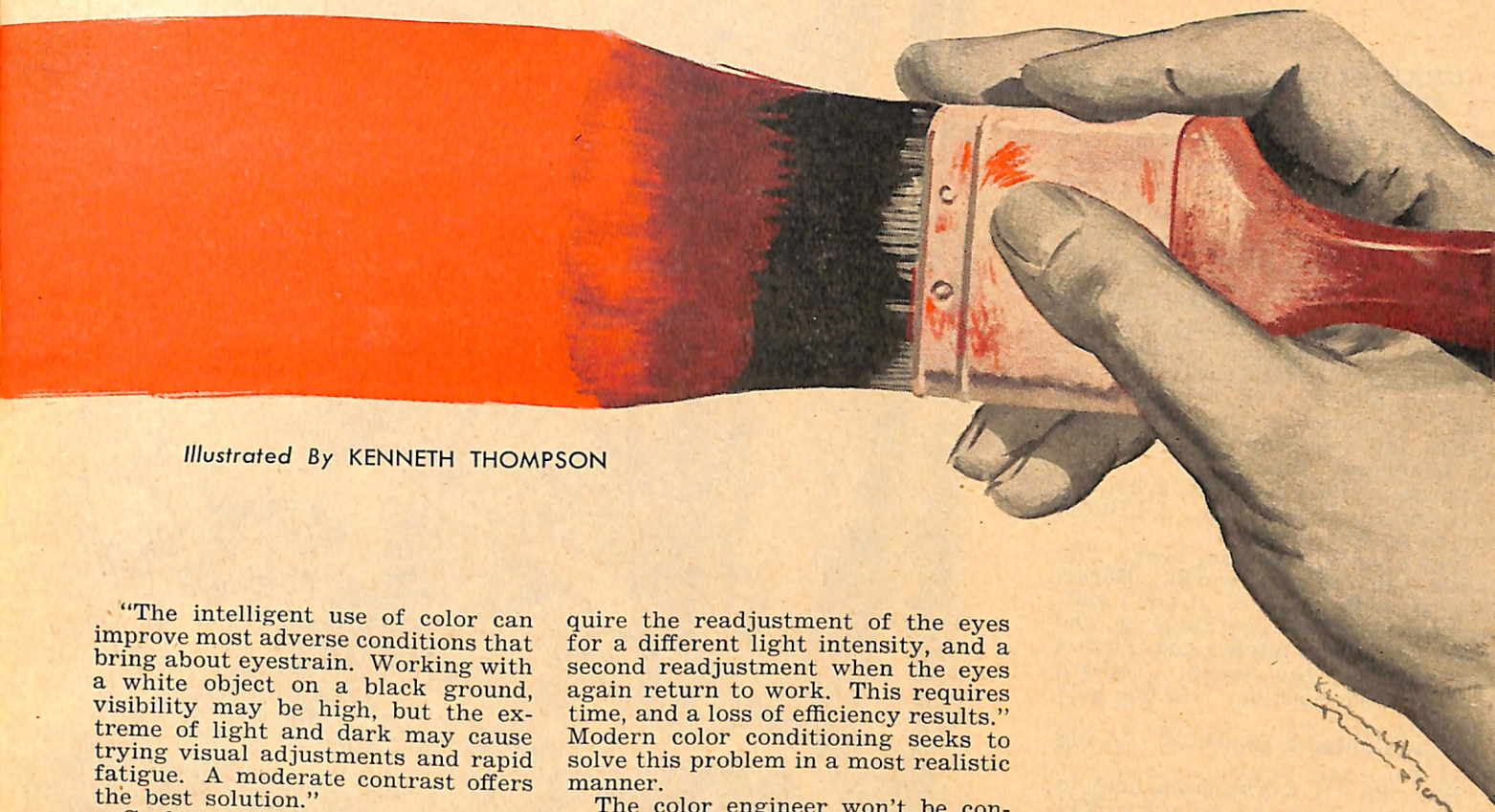
This metamorphosis, an increasingly frequent occurrence in progressive industrial plants, was another clear demonstration of the results obtained when the power and energy of color are put to work. To get right

down to it, color has become industry's newest production tool. Properly engineered, color makes workers work better, makes for better production and morale, lowers accident rates—and it's just as effective in home, factory, store, office or club.

Industrial color consultant Faber Birren probably is as responsible as any other single individual for the growing appreciation of the important part color conditioning can play in industry. According to Mr. Birren, there's good reason for the troubles that plague workers personified in Machinist Joe.

"Subject a worker to inadequate or insufficient light, glare, prolonged convergence on near subjects or fine details, distractions caused by excessive brightness and motion on the boundaries of vision, and your man may have more than a bad disposition," says Mr. Birren.

"Fatigue, nausea, physical debility, nervousness and psychological irritability are direct results of eyestrain. Any of these may lead to carelessness and thence to accidents.



Illustrated By KENNETH THOMPSON

"The intelligent use of color can improve most adverse conditions that bring about eyestrain. Working with a white object on a black ground, visibility may be high, but the extreme of light and dark may cause trying visual adjustments and rapid fatigue. A moderate contrast offers the best solution."

Go from a sunlit street into a dark motion-picture theater. For a minute or two you are so blind you cannot find a seat. A worker who glances up from a light-colored machine, or brightly lighted work, to a dark wall, or vice versa, has the same experience, though to a lesser degree, and this same momentary blindness occurs when the eyes look from one color to another of clashing contrast. The eye has to make a quick adjustment; the energy required is slight, of course, but when it's multiplied several hundred times during the course of the day the eyestrain caused is obvious. And growing eyestrain can depress the worker, since such eye adjustment is reflexive and occurs without conscious thought. Another attention-diverting detail that can be subconsciously depressing is a ceiling cluttered with beams, cross-braces, pipes and conduits—it seems to "bear down" on the individual.

Experience in scores of plants during the war has proved that such deterrents to smooth production can be overcome by judicious application of planned colors to wall and ceiling areas. This color planning, however, must be of over-all character because it is natural for a worker's eyes to rove. According to the Distinguished Service Foundation of Optometry, "... steady fixation upon a given task is fatiguing. Eyes are more comfortable when their direction of gaze changes frequently. Hence it is both natural and restful to glance up from work being done from time to time. If surroundings are dark, the effect of such glances will be to re-

quire the readjustment of the eyes for a different light intensity, and a second readjustment when the eyes again return to work. This requires time, and a loss of efficiency results." Modern color conditioning seeks to solve this problem in a most realistic manner.

The color engineer won't be concerned with aesthetic factors, for appearance alone isn't the main object. Today's color engineering is the work not of artists but of scientists; the color engineer deals with facts from the laboratories of physics and psychology in addition to his other sources. In industry color isn't used to inspire workers. It simply makes the individual job automatically easier and safer; it's integral with production, not a thing apart.

As a matter of fact, results of research by such organizations as the du Pont Company, Sherwin-Williams, Pittsburgh Plate Glass and the Arco Company, plus practical testing of new color principles in factories from coast to coast, finally have convinced management that the color engineer ranks as the equal of design and process and production engineers. And color engineers themselves are repeatedly proving that proper color and light in a plant can be as important a production tool as turret lathes, conveyor systems, or an effective labor-management committee.

After color conditioning an R.C.A. Manufacturing Company plant at Camden, N. J., the plant manager reported that "eyestrain has been eliminated, and foremen report the workers have become better 'housekeepers', evincing pride in their shops by keeping their machines and floors spotless. In the one shop in which all of the machines have received the paint treatment, there was only one lost-time accident in the year following the paint job."

One Detroit factory reported a 25 per cent increase in production after

planned color was adopted. A new painting program in a Tulsa plant brought about a 20 per cent decrease in accidents. One color engineer, investigating causes of excessive eyestrain among workers in a citrus fruit packing plant, solved his problem by changing the color of the grading belts so the contrast, though still effective, was restful to the workers' eyes instead of tiring.

But there's a reverse to this cheerful scene, of course. You can't just rush into color because you've heard it does this or that to production or peace of mind or whatever, as one wise-guy learned to his sorrow. This gentleman's plant was one in which a delicate assembly operation was performed. Without consulting a color specialist (some big paint companies offer such services free) he ordered a pretty new paint job throughout. Unhappily, the brilliant colors he chose had the curious effect of making the room in general more interesting than the job. Consequently the workers left their benches more frequently and constantly experienced the unconscious desire to glance up and away from their work.

An expert was called in, finally, and the plant was repainted, for such distractions call for the services of a color engineer as much as ordinary, drab, dark surroundings. The problems in this particular case were easily solved—the plant owner's

(Continued on page 42)

BURKE sat in the big chair by the window. It offered a fine view of Seventh Avenue, if you cared to look at it. At night it sometimes amused him, but he wasn't interested in it now. He had been awake for an hour and he was hungry. He said, "Yeah, I'll work today. Slater told me last night that I'd pitch today's game."

Joey Winter nodded. His face was saved from almost grotesque sharpness by the hardness of his eyes. His clothes were faultlessly extreme. He was almost well dressed. He said, "I figured it that way. He works you today and saves Moran for tomorrow. Smart."

Burke nodded without speaking. Joey had the proposition. All Burke had to do was listen.

Joey's voice was thin, even. "So that's the way it works, Burke. You lose today's game. It don't matter to anyone. It ties things up, and tomorrow Moran pitches and the Sox win and take the Series. Today's game is from nothing. No one gets hurt."

Burke lighted a cigarette. "A big deal?"

"But big. It works from here to the Coast as soon as I get your okay and reach a telegraph office. Before game time, we have every Red bet in the country covered. There are some people interested." Winter named names, and Burke's eyebrows lifted. This thing was really big. Joey Winter was a gambler, but compared to the men he had named and for whom he was acting, he was strictly a two-bit operator. He said, "And a nice piece in it for you."

Burke dragged on the cigarette. The warm sunlight flooded the room. The afternoon, he knew, would be hot. It would be a fine day up at the ball park. He said, "How much?"

Joey shrugged. "A day's work. Fifteen thousand."

The cigarette was a little sour. Burke ground it out on a tray. "You can make it better than that. You're rollin' for a million bucks, and I'm the pair of loaded dice."

He got up and walked to the window. He was a big man, beefy but not fat. He worked too often to get fat. His face was weathered, and fine lines radiated from the corners of his eyes, which were gray and cold. They had seen many things in thirty-eight years and wondered now at nothing.

The other man said, "We'll call it twenty-five grand."

Burke stood silently at the window, and in a moment he turned slowly and nodded. "Okay."

Burke nodded without speaking. Joey had the proposition. All Burke had to do was listen.





The Pay-Off

By William Holder

Burke had seen many things and wondered now at nothing—this time he was playing for keeps

Joey Winter's sharp face held what might have passed for a smile. "It won't be tough. You drop them a run, two runs. They're pitchin' Tommy Duke, and you guys couldn't hit him if he was tied to a bed and you stood alongside it with brooms. Maybe they will get to you legitimate and you won't have to do a thing."

It was very possible. Other clubs had gotten to him.

Burke said again, "Okay." There wasn't much sense in talking about it anymore.

Joey reached into a pocket and came out with a wallet. Burke shook his head. "I've got enough for cigarettes. You won't run away. I'll see you tonight."

Winter got up, the creases in his beautiful suit falling into place. He said, "Okay, tonight. I'll bring the lump."

Burke nodded and Joey walked to the door. He opened it and said, "No mistakes, eh, Burke?" It was more than a question.

Burke shook his head. "No mistakes."

The man went out and Burke turned to the window again. He looked down upon the busy street

and it was crowded and ugly with traffic. It was like a dozen other streets in a dozen other cities, and it meant nothing to him. He walked over to a table, took another cigarette and lighted it, and found himself looking at the room. It was a good room in a good hotel, and it was as much of a home as he had known for twenty years. The very bed he slept on was a rented thing, and he held no brief for permanency for he had never really known it.

He showered and dressed, and he thought of Joey Winter and his little scheme, and he didn't see how it could miss. The Sox would not hit Tommy Duke, he knew. A run or two would make the difference. Burke had never been wrapped up in anything quite like this before, but he measured all the angles and they added up to twenty-five thousand dollars, and that he could certainly use.

He went down to the dining room and ordered a steak and a couple of eggs. He ate slowly, enjoying the food, thinking of the lean times he had known, the lean times that lay ahead, for he was no longer young and the years were running out on him. He knew baseball and he knew

gambling and drinking, but not much else. He had spent the greater part of his life learning these things, and nothing had happened that he regretted. He'd had a fine time, and in the future he would have a fine time if he could manage it. The twenty-five thousand would help.

He put fifty cents on the table for the waiter, then shrugged and made it a dollar. Today he could be generous. He took a cab up to the ball park, and he remembered the years he had spent with the Phillies and the Browns, and cabs then were something you thought twice about. He had landed with the Sox three years ago in a deal, and he thought it a shame he had not known this more prosperous atmosphere earlier.

Traffic was jammed for blocks around the park, and when they were fairly close, Burke got out and walked the rest of the way. It was as warm as he had expected it to be. He wondered if he would have his stuff today. Some days you have it and some days you don't, and you're never really sure until you step up there on the hill and start to work. Then he remembered that it wouldn't matter an awful lot.

In the clubhouse, he said hello to Benton and Kelly and dressed slowly, comfortably. There was a tension in the room that was unusual and Burke knew it for Series fever, though this was the first pennant-winning club he had worked for. Everything was intensified, exaggerated. Men took an extra minute to tie their shoes, to roll their pants. Everything was out of proportion, blown up a bit. This was not just another day's work. This was the business.

Burke dressed from his shoes to his waist, then went out to Sammy's room, and the trainer worked a little while on his arm, kneading it, gentling it. Burke said, "That's fine, Sammy. I'll see you later." He went back and finished dressing.

Lonnie Slater came into the dressing room and walked over to where Burke sat, in front of his locker. The manager of the Sox was a chunky, gray man with alert, blue eyes. He said, "How you feel?"

Burke nodded. "Okay. It's good and warm, a fine day for me." The sun could never get too hot when you were using a thirty-eight-year-old arm. He'd sweat easily, be nice and loose. Then he thought of Joey Winter and grunted. He kept forgetting about Joey.

Slater said, "That's good. Maybe we can sew this thing up today. I would like that."

"I guess we all would," Burke answered. He didn't say anything more. The words sounded too phony in his mouth.

Slater walked away, and beside Burke, Kelly said, "You win this one today, Burke, and I'll buy you a

Illustrated by
JOHN J. FLOHERTY, Jr.



dozen kegs of beer. The wife is gettin' anxious about that new fur coat."

Burke grinned at him and said nothing. He took his glove and walked out of the room. He went down the clubhouse steps and the turf of the outfield was soft underfoot. It was an hour before game time but the park was packed. Someone in the bleachers yelled out his name, and he waved a big hand and walked to the dugout.

He looked at the jammed stands and knew this was the biggest crowd he'd ever pitched before. Something within him tightened a bit and he was surprised to discover that excitement could find a foothold in him. And then he wondered how many of these people were suckers for Joey Winter.

In the dugout, Welstek said, "Let's put this thing on ice and go home, Burke. I've got some hunting to do."

Burke said, "Sure," and took a drink from the cooler. He sat in a

corner of the dugout and watched the batting practice, and slowly the color and the atmosphere of the thing crept into him. It had taken him a long time to get here, and most of the time the going had been rough. But this was the result of fifteen years of work, the big one that he'd never pitched. Sometimes, in odd moments, he had thought of himself starting a Series game. But not recently. He had given up on it a long while ago, and suddenly here it was. It did something to him that he could not define.

When Pierce came in to the bench, Burke picked up his glove and said, "Let's get a little warm." They went over in front of the screen and Burke began to loosen up. And after five minutes, he knew. It was one of the very good days. His arm was like a rubber whip, and there was a fine strength in him. He knew a pang of disappointment, pushed it into the back of his mind, out of reach.

And when it was time, he went out

there on the hill, and Seldin, leading off for the Reds, was at the plate. A band out in left field swung into the National Anthem, and the stands rose and there was no movement in the park. When it was finished, the crowd roared out in a great voice and settled noisily into their seats. Behind the plate, McGowan yelled, "Play ball!"

Burke pitched to Seldin. He worked easily, seeking the corners and finding them, and for a third strike he blazed one right across the letters on Seldin's chest. The crowd boomed out its delight, and Burke stretched and winked at Pierce behind the plate.

He got the side out in order, and there was oil in his arm and in his back, or so it seemed, so easily did they do their work. This was one of the best days, and Burke was glad of that. He walked to the bench, feeling good, and then the joy went out of him suddenly. Joey Winter was sitting in a box directly in back of the

Sox dugout. Burke scowled and went to the cooler for a drink.

And right through the fifth it was like that. Burke whipped them up there, cutting them close, pitching to the weakness of every Red hitter. When he leaned on one, it cannoned in there as if it had been shot out of a gun. They got a stretch hit off him in the third, but that was all.

For the Reds, the great Tommy Duke was matching him pitch for pitch. The big lefthander who'd had such a sensational season was blazing his fast one in there, never giving a Sox hitter a look at a decent ball. His swift one had wings on it today, and in five innings all he had given was a single base on balls.

Burke found it difficult to make the

won talent were paying off. And he had to kick it. It was too bad.

And he came into the bench after the fifth, and Joey Winter stared at him with eyes that held no note of friendliness, now. There was anger in the man's face, and something that might have been fear, and Burke looked at him and went down the steps and sat in a corner. He thought, "Don't worry, Joey. I am not that stupid. I will let it go, but not for a little while. I am enjoying myself today."

And he was truly enjoying himself. There was an excitement in him that he hadn't known for a long time. The crowd was part of it, and the character of the game was part of it, and his skill was a great part of it. He felt young again, and very able, and some of his hardness rolled off him with his sweat.

It happened in the sixth. He pitched carefully to Rohrs, got him to ground out to Wilstek at third. He threw a ball and a strike to Trent, then a hook failed to break and Trent leaned into it, lined it to the fence in left center. When the ball came in, Trent was on third.

Burke knew what Olsen, the next man up, would do. He was a hitter, but they'd be playing for this run. So he heaved the duster at Olsen, pushed him away from the plate. His next pitch was high and a touch outside, and Trent was running on the squeeze play with the motion of Burke's arm. Olsen bunted awkwardly, and the ball came to Burke as he ran in on it. It rolled right down the middle of the alley, and he reached for it to make the play at the plate. He had Trent cold.

And the ball took a little hop, hit his wrist and bounced off to the right, and by the time he had his hands on it again, Trent had scored and Olsen was on first.

Burke heard the thunder of the stands, and it echoed in his chest. He'd had no intention of kicking that one. It had been an honest error. He was probably the best fielding pitcher in the league, and he had thrown Olsen the perfect pitch, had gone in on the bunt as he'd fielded hundreds of others.

And something in the roar of the crowd struck him then. The tone of the sound. It was a thunderous exclamation of disappointment but there was no anger in it, no fury directed at himself. They felt the thing as keenly as did he, and their great roar was simply an extension of their sympathy.

Burke knew, at that moment, that he wasn't going to throw this or any other game. His cynicism was not as complete as he'd supposed, nor as invulnerable. His pride in his work and his inner integrity were, he was slightly surprised to discover, not for sale. This crowd, and others like it, had always been honest with him. Through the years they had cheered and jeered him, but they had given him his living, had created his identity. By them he stood or fell, and to be dishonest with them would be

even more malign than to be dishonest with himself.

And so he struck out Macy, got Ellis to foul out to end the inning, and walked in to the bench. The anxiety had left Joey Winter's face. The guy sat in the box and smiled, and Burke did one thing. He looked at the man and shook his head, and he wondered whether Joey would understand. The fix was off. This thing had gone beyond Joey Winter, was out of reach of any influence he might bring to bear. It was strictly Burke's affair from here on out. It was a matter of his will and the strength of his arm, and his regard for himself and seventy thousand people jammed into the stands.

Through the seventh and the eighth he labored with skill. The sun was no benefactor now. It beat down on him with an almost physical force, and his eyes felt the impact of the terrible glare. He was tiring fast, his arm was nearly dead, and pain was sullen and heavy in his back. He was in trouble frequently now, but he pitched his way out every time, using the lore he had gained through the years. He pushed Joey Winter into the back of his mind and closed the door on him.

He came in after the first half of the eighth and he said, "How's about some of you gents gettin' a hit? This guy is slowin' down a bit. You've got bats."

And Pierce got a hit, a nice single to left, and the stands roared out. Duke fussed with the rosin bag for a moment, then pitched to Jackson. Willy laced the first ball into right for a lovely bingle, and Pierce made third with a beautiful slide.

Burke walked out to the plate and Slater said, "Wait a minute." He had Robbins, a fine pinch-hitter, ready. Burke stalked back to the bench and said, "You take me out of here and I'll break this bat over your head."

Slater looked at him for a moment, then nodded and said, "Okay."

Burke went up there, said, "Feed it to me, son," and drove a long fly out to center. Pierce scored easily after the catch. Burke walked back to the bench, the crowd going wild, and just before he went down the steps of the dugout, he saw Joey Winter. The man's face was cold, set, murderous.

And Burke thought, "The hell with that. That can wait." He had a job to do.

But Ranson went down swinging, and Wilson, of the Reds, went back to the left field wall to take Owens' drive and kill the rally.

The ninth was a minor nightmare, and Burke felt tiredness in his blood, coursing through him in a heavy stream. It would have been easy to quit, to throw a blooper in there and have some guy hammer it over the fence. But that was not the way he was working it. He called on every bit of knowledge he possessed, every ounce of courage in his big frame. He pitched.

And every time he went from the

(Continued on page 46)

Olsen bunted awkwardly, and the ball came to Burke. He reached for it to make the play.

break. He knew he had to pull the cork sooner or later, but he was working so well that he hated to quit. You had a day like this once a month, and it was a shame to throw it out the window. After each inning he walked to the bench, and Joey Winter looked at him with a cold eye that grew more anxious as the innings went by.

Burke held on as long as he could. This didn't happen to a man every day, and he wanted to keep it as long as he could. His first Series game in fifteen years of working at the trade. His arm was limber and strong, he was driving the hitters crazy and the crowd loved him. It wasn't a thing you discarded easily. His pride was high, and the fight he was waging with Duke was a thing of beauty in itself. He was matched against a younger man, a great pitcher in anyone's book, and he was holding his own. His matured skill and his hard-



Above: "Carousel" keeps going 'round and 'round and it's high time we mentioned that Iva Withers and John Raitt make this Broadway brass ring worth grabbing.

Besides a good book, top-flight music and a carnival with its Midway and trimmings, "Are You With It?" boasts some of the best-looking chorus girls of any New York musical comedy.

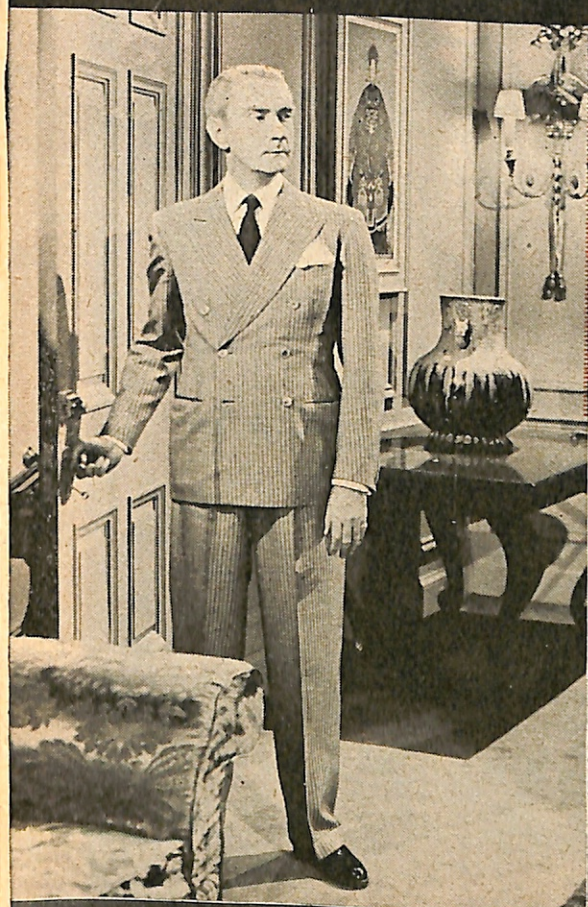


Below: If you could hear what Eddie Dowling and Laurette Taylor are saying in this scene from "The Glass Menagerie" you'd realize why it's a hit, if you haven't already seen for yourself. Miss Julie Haydon is the third member of the finest dramatic trio currently treading Manhattan's boards.



ON STAGE

Recommend:



Left: Clifton Webb, as usual, gets an "A" in acting and appearance in "The Dark Corner". The rest of the cast does right well, too.

Below: William Powell *could* go wrong, surrounded as he is by such able scene-stealers as James Gleason, Rags Ragland, the late Slim Summerville and Frank McHugh in "The Hoodlum Saint", but he doesn't.

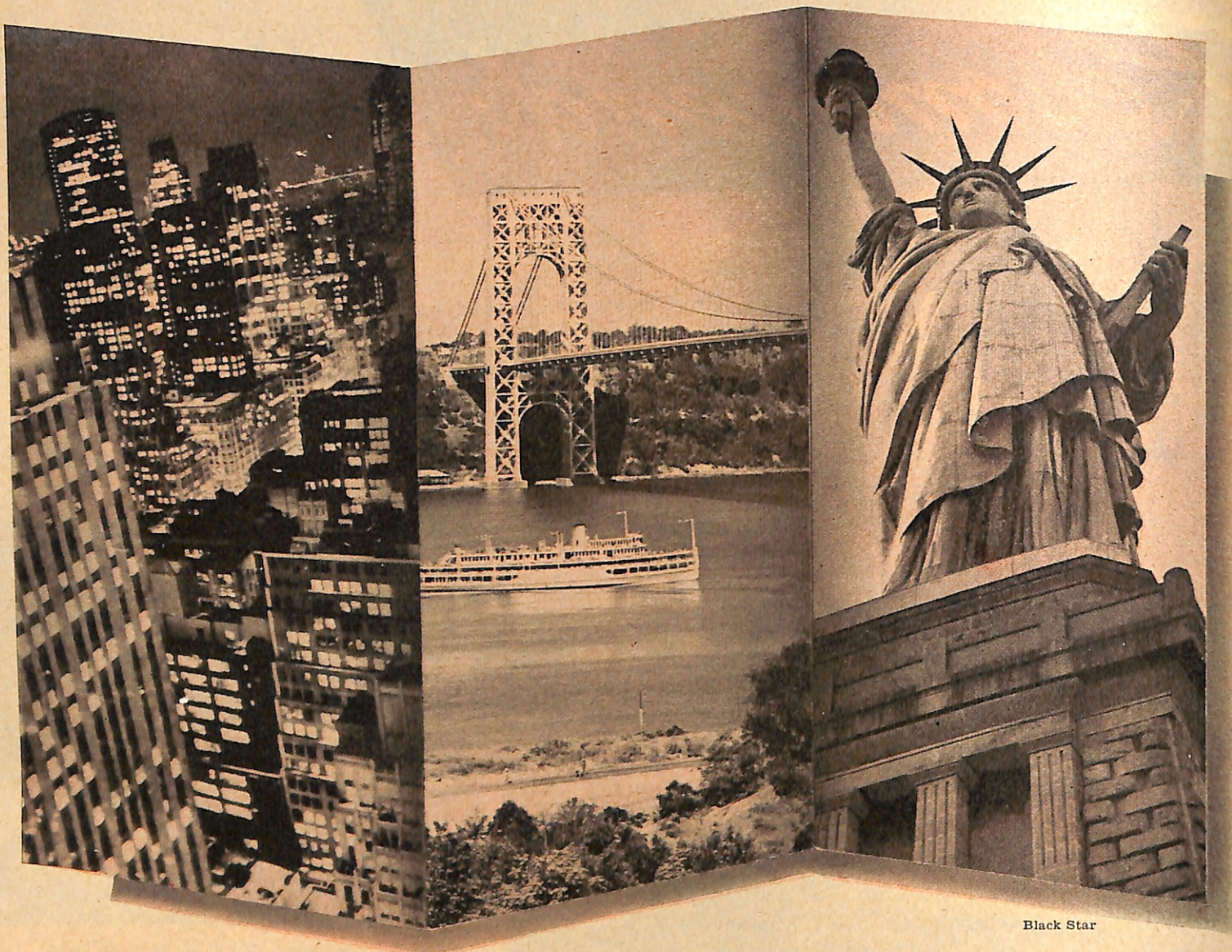


Left: You may not realize it, but the Queen Pin in the middle is the beautiful, talented Kathryn Grayson doing more than her bit to make "Two Sisters From Boston" something to meet. Jimmy Durante is in it too, although he's obviously missing from this scene.



Right: Technicolor makes red-headed Van Johnson and strawberry blonde Lucille Ball even easier to look at in "Easy to Wed", as if you had to be told.

ON SCREEN



Black Star

VACATIONS UNLIMITED

By Al Frantz

EVEN those who have lived in New York City ten years or twenty or a lifetime need seldom venture more than a mile from home to find something new and fascinating in this city with its 7,000,000 residents. Likewise, whether you be visiting it for the first time during the Convention in July or whether you come for the fiftieth, new discoveries await you and new pleasures beckon from the minute you leave your train at Pennsylvania or Grand Central station or your plane at La Guardia airfield.

In this article then, let's view the Statue of Liberty one minute and

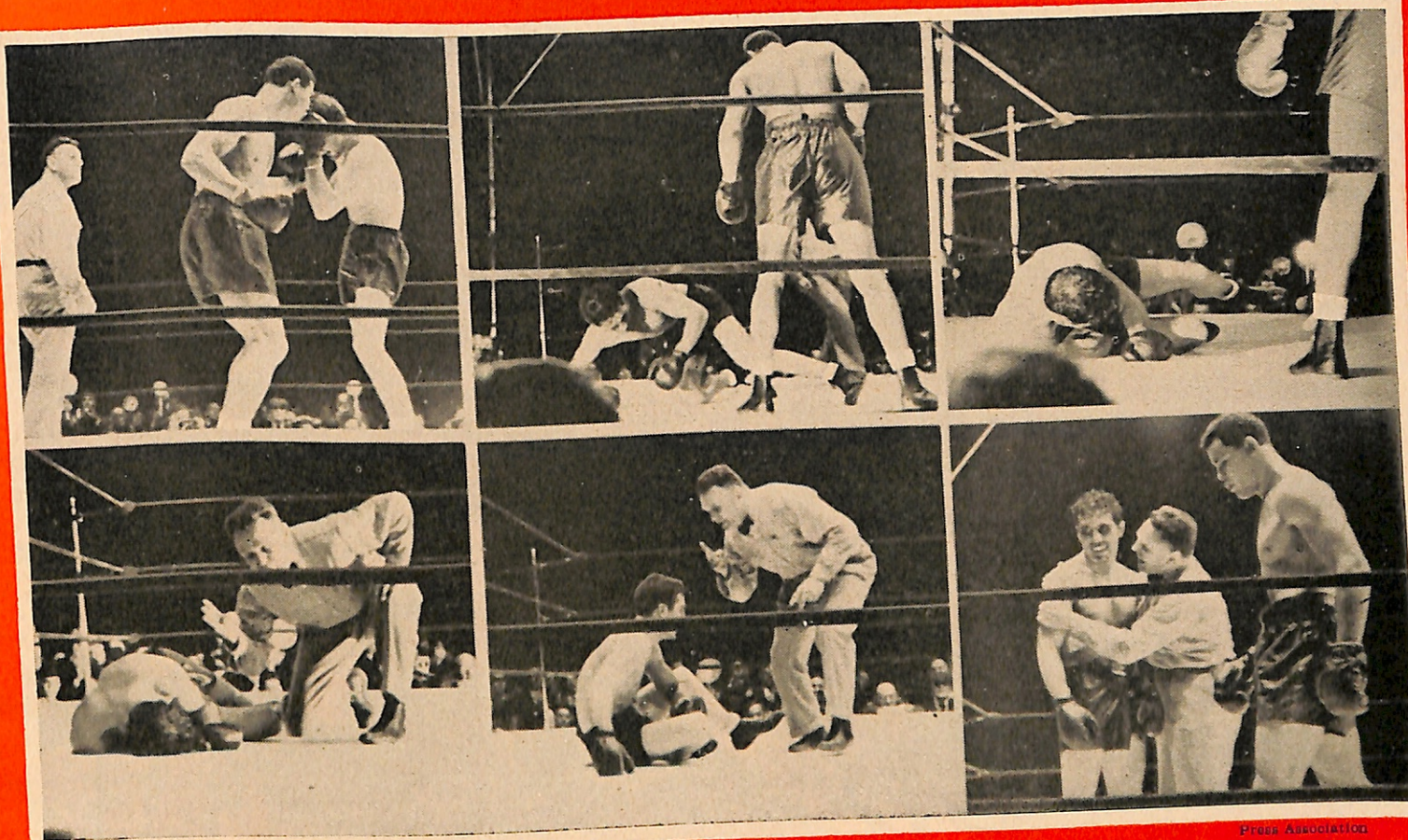
walk around the corner the next to little Syria; let's load our pockets with nickels for lunch in the Automat, dine before the theatre with actors and Hollywood stars at Sardi's and enjoy the carnival atmosphere of the huge Broadway night clubs or the quiet elegance of El Morocco; let's visit the side shows at Coney Island, swim at Jones Beach, the average citizen's Riviera, and golf on Staten Island or in the Bronx; let's see a lusty musical comedy one night, turn back the pages of time at the play "Life with Father," and consort with an invisible six-foot rabbit known as Harvey. Above all,

let's have a good time!

First, a quick sightseeing trip which you can make in as little as four hours if you are pressed for time or on which you can easily spend two or three leisurely days. Convention headquarters are very handily located in the Commodore Hotel; step through the rear entrance into Grand Central station for a glance at its huge ceiling painted in sky blue and gold with the heavenly constellations. Across the street is the Chrysler building and down the block at 220 E. 42nd stands the Daily News plant, well worth a visit for

(Continued on page 57)

BUSTED BUT WILLING



Press Association

By John Lardner

Here's the magic-eye camera story of the end of Billy Conn's first gallant bid for Joe Louis' heavyweight crown. Top left is the beginning of the 13th round and disaster for Conn.

IT MIGHT be well to bear in mind that while Joe Louis and Billy Conn are in hock to their uncles, Sam, of Washington, D. C., and Mike Jacobs, the promoter and petunia rancher, this is a familiar state of affairs to both boys and probably will not constitute a mental hazard when they fight on June 19th. I have seen Louis fight some twenty-six times. Sometimes he was rich and sometimes he was busted, but almost always there was a lien or plaster on his end of the gate.

When Joseph won the title nine years ago, a piece of him, located in the strategic and oil-rich territory along the upper ribs, was owned by his victim of the evening, James J. Braddock. This came about because

Mr. Braddock agreed to defend the championship against Louis instead of Max Schmeling, who had a slightly stronger moral right to the opportunity. In return for the favor, Michael Jacobs deeded a percentage of all the new champion's earnings from that day forward to Mr. Braddock and his sensationally acute manager, Joe Gould. Deeded is not the exact word. The agreement was verbal. A time came a few years later when Mr. Jacobs, tired of seeing Mr. Gould call around at his office with a wheelbarrow on the day after each Louis fight, decided that the agreement was not only verbal but unnecessary. The power behind Braddock & Gould—i.e., the Owney Madden mob of New York—had begun to wane, and one night Mr. Jacobs reported the Madison Square Garden seat numbers of two of the mob's leaders to the police of the precinct. The mobsters were picked up and put aboard a comfortable train to Hot Springs, Ark., and Mr. Gould gave up the Braddock

stake in Louis. He was a quick man at taking a hint.

Tommy Gibbons was in pawn when he fought Jack Dempsey for the heavyweight title. Jess Willard fought for nothing when he won the championship from Jack Johnson. Johnson himself was one of the victims of the most complete escrow job in the history of heavyweight title fights. I am thinking of the time, 1914, when he fought Frank Moran in Paris. The promoter, Billy McCarney, suspecting that the bout had been rehearsed at his expense, tied up the gate receipts so tightly that nobody knows to this day what became of them. Johnson was induced to enter the ring at the point of a gun, and won the fight because there seemed to be no percentage in doing anything else.

Conn and Louis, as I say, are used to escrow and debt. Conn also is a fellow who has shown a disposition to fight for nothing which is absolutely

(Continued on page 46)



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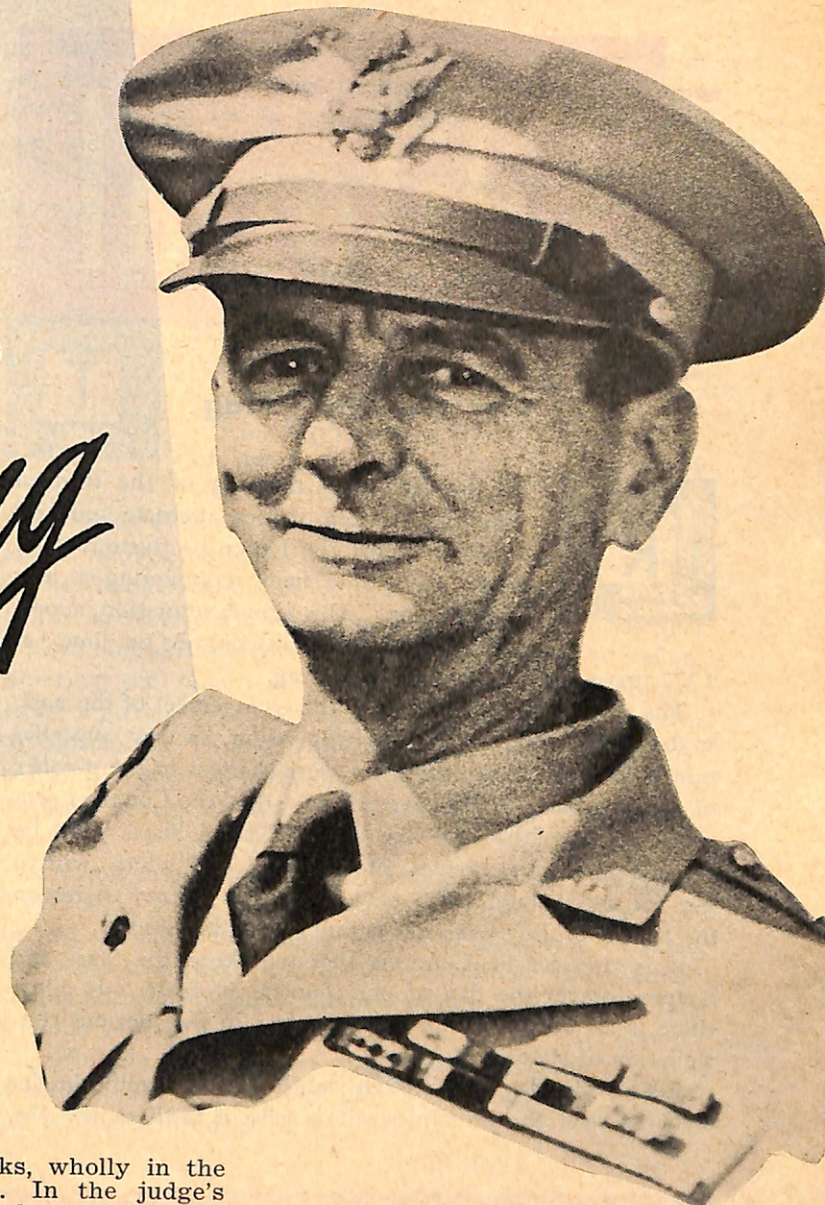
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What America is Reading

By Harry Hansen

"General Wainwright's Story", edited by Robert Considine, is a dramatic account by a courageous leader.



THERE is probably nothing in books that is more fun than the story of an American boyhood, told with frankness and spirit; that is one reason why the tales of Tom Sawyer and Huck Finn have brought such joy to readers of all ages. Gene Fowler's story of his boyhood and young manhood in Denver is not fiction, but it is just as captivating as anything imagined; perhaps more so. This lively, energetic and unpredictable newspaperman and writer has written a yarn in "A Solo in Tom-Toms" that ought to provoke laughter and tears—if not tears, at least a warm, nostalgic mood in men who wish they might have known Buffalo Bill when young, even if they would not like to remember throwing tomatoes at an actor in costume, who turned out, forty years later, to have been Lionel Barrymore, or to have been haled before the boy's judge, Ben Lindsey, for various misdemeanors.

That picture of the good judge, talking things over with the boys who had cut up unduly, without making little criminals of them, is one of the high spots in the book. Gene and another boy had taken sulphur and saltpeter from a drug store and tried to make an explosive to put on

the streetcar tracks, wholly in the interests of noise. In the judge's rooms they found that another boy was up for a highly original stunt—putting butter on streetcar tracks on one of Denver's hills, with interesting results. That youngster was the son of Prof. Wilberforce J. Whitman, and his name was Paul. Judge Lindsey understood the spirit of youth; he put them on their good behavior and they didn't repeat the offense, at least not that one.

The world in which Gene Fowler grew up was full of remarkable characters. One of them was his Granny, who quoted scripture on all occasions and was a stern moralist. Granny wrecked her daughter's marriage but she made a fine grandmother for a boy. She had such contempt for the man who had walked out on her daughter and herself that she kept the boy in ignorance of him. Gene did not use his father's name of Devlan; when his mother remarried he became Fowler. Gene's amazing rediscovery of a father who lived in a mountain cabin for years and did not make himself known until Gene was a newspaperman in New York is one of his unusual stories. His grandfather was a prospector who always

missed the big strike. The only thing his grandmother was afraid of was dynamite—when his grandfather thawed out sticks of it in the home oven. Perhaps Denver was full of picturesque characters when Gene was a boy; perhaps Gene had a flair for them. He was born, as he says, in the "twilight of the pioneers". He enjoyed daring fellows like Ivy Baldwin, who repeatedly walked across a chasm on a wire, a trip of 630 feet, 582 feet high. In his old age Ivy did it again. He tells amusing anecdotes about Col. John Burke, Buffalo Bill's press agent, who pinned up his flowing locks with hairpins and stowed them under his hat when not on parade. He describes his editors, men of enterprise and windy discourses. He tells amusing stories of his attempts to win the favor of attractive females, guarded by Victorian mothers against lively lads such as he. For, as one of his school teachers said later, Gene was "a lad of unbridled vitality". I can well believe it. (Viking Press, \$3)

He's a great human being, is General Ike, and we ought to thank
(Continued on page 59)

Editorial

Our Country's Flag



RESOLVED: That the flag of the thirteen states be thirteen stripes alternate red and white, and that the Union be thirteen stars, white on a blue field representing a new constellation." This simple resolution, adopted by the Continental Congress on June 14,

1777, gave birth to the American Flag.

The resolution did not specify the arrangement of the stars. It designated them, with prophetic vision, "a new constellation". From time to time there were changes in the number of stars and stripes, but on April 14, 1818, the Congress provided by law "that the flag of the United States shall be thirteen horizontal stripes alternate red and white, with a star for every state, and a new star added for new states on the fourth of July next succeeding their admission".

It is this act of Congress that will keep the Stars and Stripes forever the flag of our country, alterable only when there is an added star to take its place in the glorious constellation of states.

Just as our flag will remain stable and unalterable in design, so must the principles which gave it birth remain the

basic principles not only of the structure of our nation, but of a common ground upon which the people of the nations of the earth may find the good will essential to enduring peace.

The American Flag was born of the struggle for liberty of a people living in a world where liberal government was unknown. The fight was won, and a nation with new principles of government and new ideals of human liberty was founded. It placed the rights of the individual above all other things, and established a haven where the stricken and oppressed of all countries and all creeds found freedom of thought, the right to worship in their own way and equality of opportunity. From a group of Colonies occupying a small strip of land along the Atlantic Coast which declared its independence only 170 years ago, America has become the greatest and most powerful nation of the earth.

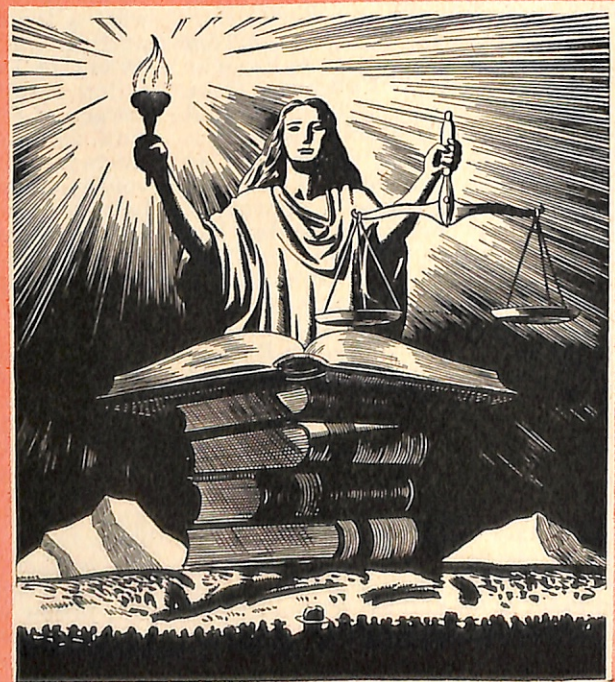
The War, so recently and victoriously ended in the triumph of American arms, was an attempt of forces of evil to kill the spirit of liberty manifest throughout the world, and it was the might of America that with incredible speed turned our entire peacetime system of economics into wartime production; elderly men and women became skillful mechanics almost overnight, and schoolboys became fighting men with a rapidity unequaled in any period of history.

Because of her might America today occupies a commanding place in this war-torn and broken world. Our flag is a symbol of world leadership and the responsibilities of this new role must be accepted by all our people if the new order that must come out of the confused status of humankind is to create a better civilization for future generations.

The laws of our Order make the holding of Flag Day services mandatory upon all lodges. The patriotism and love of country instilled into the heart of every Elk by the tenets of our Order must make participation in this tribute to our flag a sacred duty. In this year of Victory the celebration of the birthday of our flag should be "full and complete".



Charity



Justice

Safety First



WITH the month of June, Spring crosses the threshold of summer, the countryside glows with beauty, the soft airs are scented with the fragrance of maturing blossoms, the old car is ready and the open road calls.

The old car, "Aye! there's the rub." For few indeed are those who have been able to surmount war-time priorities to the extent of acquiring a new car.

This, however, is no reason why the call of the open road should be ignored, and the enjoyment of the beauties of the season abandoned, but it is reason to be careful—to remember that the old car has traveled many miles, and is heir to the ailments that come with age. It cannot stand the pace it stood when young and in its prime.

This all sums up to careful driving, strict attention to the rules of the road and due appreciation of the limitations of the aging car.

Pre-war tires may still be good but they will not stand the pressure of traveling at high speed as they did when new. A burst of speed may mean a bursting tire, and that in turn may mean sudden death, or months in the hospital.

During this first summer with wartime restrictions removed, cars of all styles, types and ages will be on the road, driven by all types of drivers. Therefore, to be safe, watch the other fellow's car, obey all traffic signals, remember that railroad crossings are a place to pause and that the other fellow may not be as good a driver as you.

The death toll from accidents in the United States is appalling. More casualties at home than on the battlefield. One remedy for this is careful driving. Hundreds of thousands of Elks drive cars. All should be interested in making our roads safe for all drivers. Elks lodges everywhere should cooperate with motor vehicle officials, state and local police,

in their efforts to reduce the number of accidents resulting from careless driving—disregard of traffic signals and forcing the old car to greater efforts than its mechanism will stand.

There is a good summer's driving in the old car yet, but be careful.

New York in July



THE Grand Lodge Session convening in New York next July will undoubtedly be the largest in point of attendance ever held.

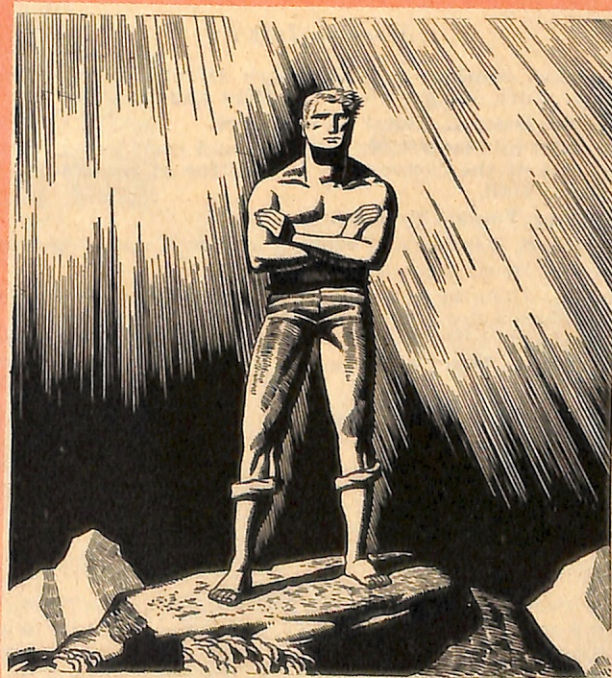
This expectation is justified by the action of the Emergency Session of 1945 which voted to invite the officers, committeemen and District Deputies who were prevented from being present by wartime restrictions, to "Attend the First Full Session of the Grand Lodge after the War".

The attendance will be further augmented by the fact that a resolution, unanimously adopted at the Emergency Session, directing the Grand Secretary to record all subordinate lodge representatives unavoidably absent as present in order to consummate their Grand Lodge membership, also embodied a request to subordinate lodges to pay the expenses of those representatives to the next regular Session after the war.

It seems unnecessary to call attention to the shortage of hotel rooms. New York is no exception to the universal rule. In July the influx of summer visitors to the City is expected to reach a new peak. It will be impossible to find transient sleeping accommodations. Do not come to New York in July without a hotel reservation. Demand exceeds the supply. The Housing Committee is compelled to set June 7 as the deadline. No applications for accommodations can be accepted after this date.



Brotherly Love



Fidelity

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New York City's 1946 Convention Program

Saturday, July 6

- Reception.** Arrival of Grand Exalted Ruler and Grand Lodge Officers, delegates, members and ladies.
- Registration.** Grand Lodge Members and delegates will register at headquarters hotel—The Commodore, 42nd St. and Lexington Ave. Members and their ladies will register at New York Lodge No. 1, 161 West 93rd Street, New York City.
- Open House.** Elks and their ladies at New York Lodge No. 1.

Sunday, July 7

- Churches.** Religious services in churches of all denominations.
- Sightseeing Tours.** To Empire State Building, Radio City, and other buildings of interest.
- Ritualistic Contest.** In Hotel Commodore from 10 A.M. to 5 P.M.

Monday, July 8

- Registration continues.** Commodore Hotel for delegates—New York Lodge No. 1 for Elks and their ladies.
- Ritualistic Contest.** Hotel Commodore.
- 10:00 A.M. to 11:00 A.M.** All Elks and their ladies will be guests of the Convention Committee at the Radio City Music Hall.
- Sightseeing Tours.** To continue.
- Open House.** All day and evening at New York Lodge No. 1.
- Golf.** For those who desire it.
- 8:00 P.M.** Opening ceremonies in Grand Ballroom of Hotel Waldorf-Astoria with broadcasting of ceremonies. All Elks and ladies invited. Special patriotic extravaganza.
- Open House.** New York Lodge No. 1.

Tuesday, July 9

- 9:45 A. M. promptly.** Regular Grand Lodge Sessions commence in Grand Ballroom of Hotel Waldorf-Astoria and at this Session, the election of officers for the ensuing year will take place.
- 10:00 A.M.** Continuation of Ritualistic Contest at Hotel Commodore.
- Sightseeing Tours.** Available morning and afternoon.
- 12:30 P.M.** Lunch at the Hotel Commodore given by newly-elected Grand Exalted Ruler to the Exalted Rulers of subordinate lodges.
- 12:40 P.M.** Lunch at the Hotel Commodore by Past Grand Exalted Ruler Robert S. Barrett to District Deputies for the years 1944-45.

- 12:40 P.M.** Lunch at the Hotel Commodore by Grand Exalted Ruler Wade H. Kepner for District Deputies for years 1945-46.
- 3:00 P.M.** Special Grand Lodge Session at Hotel Waldorf-Astoria at which the new Ritual will be presented.
- 6:30 P.M.** State Association dinners.
- 8:30 P.M.** Entertainment and Dance, Grand Ballroom, Hotel Waldorf-Astoria. All Elks and ladies are to be the guests of the New York City Convention Committee, which program will include many surprises.
- Open House.** Day and evening at New York Lodge No. 1.

Wednesday, July 10

- 9:45 A. M. promptly.** Regular Sessions of Grand Lodge continue.
- 10:00 A.M.** Ritualistic Contest continues.
- 11:00 A.M.** Memorial exercises in the Grand Ballroom of the Hotel Waldorf-Astoria to which will be admitted all Elks and their ladies.
- 1:45 P.M.** Fashion show and program of entertainment for ladies only, to be announced in program to be distributed at Registration Centers.
- 2:00 P.M.** Regular Sessions of Grand Lodge continue.
- Open House and Reception.** At all Elks lodge homes of the city of New York.

Thursday, July 11

- 9:45 A.M.** Final Session of Grand Lodge Reunion.
- 11:30 A.M.** Installation of new Grand Lodge Officers.
- 2:30 P.M.** Pageant and parade.

(NOTE)

All requests for room reservations must be received not later than June 7, 1946, on which date they will close.

GRAND LODGE CONVENTION COMMITTEE FOR
NEW YORK CITY FOR THE YEAR 1946

JAMES T. HALLINAN, P.G.E.R.
Chairman
Rm. 1107, 475 Fifth Avenue
New York 17, New York
Telephone—Lexington 2-8110.

Supplementing the above program, additional entertainment features are being arranged by the Convention Committee which will be detailed in pamphlet form to be issued at the time of registration.



GRAND EXALTED RULER'S *Visits*

GRAND Exalted Ruler Wade H. Kepner got to **EAST LIVERPOOL, OHIO, LODGE, NO. 258**, in time to help celebrate its 53rd Anniversary March 16th. Arriving in the afternoon from Wheeling, W. Va., Mr. Kepner was met at Wells-ville, a suburb, by local and State police and No. 258's officials in decorated cars and traveled to town caravan-fashion. At the end of this jaunt, the Grand Exalted Ruler was given a formal reception at the lodge's beautiful home where he met a large group of members and community leaders. The welcoming dinner was held at six that evening with representatives of the Ohio State Elks Association on hand, as well as delegations

from the Ohio-Pennsylvania-West Virginia region in which East Liverpool is situated.

The dinner, at which Mr. Kepner renewed the Order's pledge to fight foreign "isms", was followed by special entertainment, culminating in a midnight buffet supper.

WHEN Wade Kepner spoke at **UHRICHVILLE, OHIO, LODGE, NO. 424**, March 20th, he reaffirmed the Order's position in opposing anything un-American. A dinner preceded the meeting, attended by nearly 400 persons, including visitors from New Philadelphia, Dover and Newcomerstown Lodges. Chairman Joseph W.

Fitzgerald of the Grand Lodge Activities Committee, Special Deputy Floyd Brown and Past District Deputies Charles Weaver, Albert Schwartz and W. R. Treadway were also introduced to the gathering.

MARIETTA, OHIO, LODGE, NO. 477 had Mr. Kepner as a guest during the meeting of the Southeastern Ohio District March 23rd and 24th. Festivities opened with a gala ball at the lodge home Saturday evening, but the Grand Exalted Ruler's party did not arrive there until Sunday afternoon, just in time for a reception and a short business session while the visiting ladies went sight-seeing. Mr. Kepner was the principal speaker at a banquet at the lodge home later that evening, when more than 500 Elks and their guests, representing a score of neighboring lodges, were present.

MARCH 26th was the big night for **PRINCETON, KY., LODGE, NO. 1115**, when for the first time in its forty years of its existence a Grand Exalted Ruler paid a visit there. Mr. Kepner was welcomed to the city by the crack Butler Hi Band and received a warm welcome from Mayor W. L. Cash, a member of No. 1115.

Visiting Elks from Louisville, Owensboro, Henderson, Madisonville, Paducah, Hopkinsville and Fulton joined the Princeton officers at dinner after which the Order's leader addressed more than three hundred members at a special meeting. District Deputy B. T. Gresham and State President Alfred Schild also spoke briefly. Louisville Lodge's Glee Club put on an excellent minstrel show, and after the meeting a barbecue was enjoyed by everyone.



Left: Grand Exalted Ruler Kepner, right, had a tête-a-tête with E. R. G. M. Rock and State Pres. Alfred Schild when he visited Paducah, Ky., Lodge.

Below: Mr. Kepner visited Alexandria, La., Lodge recently and this photograph includes a few of the 170 members who greeted him.



Right: Wade H. Kepner, center, confers with the Exalted Rulers of Uhrichsville, Newcomerstown, New Philadelphia and Dover, Ohio, Lodges at Uhrichsville.

Below, right: The Grand Exalted Ruler beams his approval of the decoration on one of the patrol cars which welcomed him to East Liverpool, Ohio.

ON MARCH 27th the members of **PA-
DUCAH, KY., LODGE, NO. 217**, entertained Mr. Kepner at luncheon at the Hotel Irvin Cobb. Many dignitaries were there, including Arnold Westermann, member of the Grand Lodge State Associations Committee, and State Pres. Schild, who is Chief of Police for the city of Covington.

TWO of the Grand Exalted Ruler's visits during April were made to **BATON ROUGE, LA., LODGE, NO. 490**, on the 9th and to **ALEXANDRIA, LA., LODGE, NO. 546**, on the same day.

THE Baton Rouge Elks entertained Mr. Kepner at luncheon when 20 Past Exalted Rulers and the officers of No. 490, together with representatives of several other nearby lodges, attended. Mayor Powers Higginbotham, a member of Baton Rouge Lodge, and D.D. C. A. Blanchard were also on hand to greet Mr. Kepner, who was accompanied on his tour to the lodges in that section by Past Grand Exalted Ruler Edward Rightor and Past Grand Tiler Sidney Freudenstein, both of New Orleans Lodge.

AT Alexandria the meeting was opened by E.R. W. H. Lambdin who passed on his authority to State Pres. Sol Pressburg who in turn introduced Mr. Rightor as Master of Ceremonies. After the Grand Exalted Ruler's moving address, a buffet supper was enjoyed by the largest crowd ever assembled at No. 546's home.

ANOTHER April visit of Grand Exalted Ruler Wade H. Kepner was made on the tenth of the month to **MORGAN CITY, LA., LODGE, NO. 1121**. The party, which included Messrs. Rightor, Freudenstein, Pressburg and Blanchard also had a number of other distinguished Louisiana Elks along. They were D.D. Robert Sugar of Shreveport Lodge and Past State President C. A. Barnes, a Past Ex-

alted Ruler of Morgan City Lodge. They all enjoyed one of those famous Louisiana shrimp luncheons at the lodge home. The luncheon was served in typical Southern style in a room made extremely attractive by the tasteful arrangement of floral decorations.

Past Grand Exalted Ruler Rightor acted as Chairman of the Program on the invitation of Paul Schreier who was

Chairman of Arrangements for the lodge.

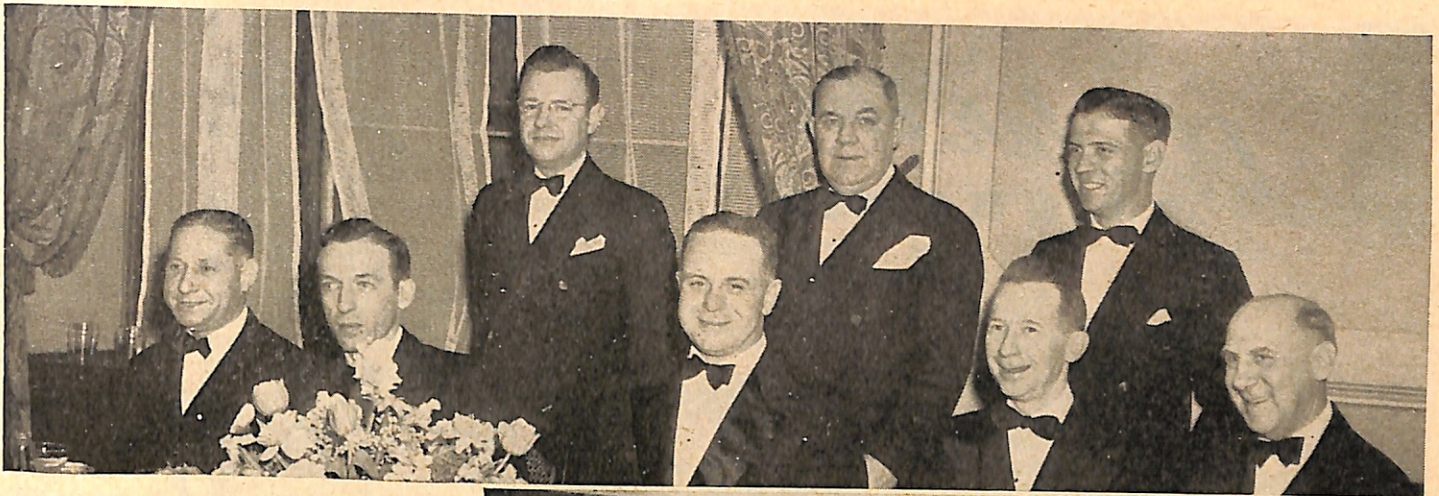
Mr. Schreier welcomed the visitors and introduced local Elk officials. The Morgan City High School Band entertained with several good numbers on Mr. Kepner's arrival.

The Grand Exalted Ruler won everyone over completely with his pleasant manner and the address he made impressed this gathering as much as any other of the numerous speeches he made throughout the South.

The official party left Morgan City that afternoon to go on to **NEW ORLEANS, LA., LODGE, NO. 30**, where at six that evening a huge banquet was held in honor of the visit of this distinguished West Virginian.

Below: Grand Exalted Ruler Wade H. Kepner is surrounded by his gracious hosts who made him feel so much at home when he visited at Jackson, Miss., Lodge.





Above: Mr. Kepner dines at Charleston, W. Va., Lodge.

Right: This picture tells the story; we merely add that it happened at Princeton, Ky.

Below: Mr. Kepner is photographed at Martinsburg, W. Va.

At bottom, left to right: Past Grand Tiler Sidney Freudenstein; Secy. E. A. Kernaghan; Mr. Kepner; Sam Miller, former member, Grand Lodge Auditing Committee; E.R. W. A. Anderson and Past Grand Exalted Ruler Edward Rightor at Hattiesburg, Miss.



Under the ANTLERS



Above is a photograph of the \$3,500 honor roll erected by Coldwater, Mich., Lodge to commemorate those men and women of the county who served in World War II. A headstone in the foreground lists the names of the 84 who died in service.

Below is a group of young men who are convalescing at Sampson Naval Hospital in upstate New York. The boys were photographed with their guests at one of the dances sponsored by the lodges of the South Central District of New York.





At top is a photo taken in the Los Angeles office of the War Commission Committee of the Calif. Elks Assn. as materials were packed for distribution to Veterans Hospitals.

Above: The Grand Exalted Ruler greets the Mayors of many cities on his visitations throughout the country. Here he shakes the hand of Mayor T. R. McKeldin of Baltimore, Md., a member of the Order.



Right: Hyannis, Mass., Lodge did not forget the women in the service. Here is a group of WACs at a party given in the lodge's Fraternal Center.



Above: Past Grand Exalted Ruler James T. Hallinan, center, is shown with representatives of several charitable organizations during the distribution of \$70,585 by Queens Borough, N. Y., Lodge.

NEWS OF THE SUBORDINATE LODGES THROUGHOUT THE NATION

QUEENS BOROUGH, N. Y., Lodge, No. 878, spread a warm glow throughout its jurisdiction again this year when on March 26th a total of \$70,585 was distributed to charitable organizations. Catholic, Protestant and Jewish charities of the Borough received \$1,000 each and ten Queens hospitals were given the same amount.

Past Grand Exalted Ruler James T. Hallinan handed out the donations and E.R. William R. L. Cook made the welcoming address. Supreme Court Justice Henry G. Wenzel, Jr., former Chief Justice of the Grand Forum, took an active part in the ceremonies.

A list of the beneficiaries and the amount received by each is given below:

St. John's Hospital.....	\$1,000
Flushing Hospital.....	1,000
Jamaica Hospital.....	1,000
Mary Immaculate Hospital.....	1,000
St. Joseph's Hospital.....	1,000
Rockaway Beach Hospital.....	1,000
Queens General Hospital.....	1,000
Wyckoff Heights Hospital.....	1,000
St. Anthony's Hospital.....	1,000
Triboro Hospital.....	1,000
Boy Scouts.....	750
North Shore Chapter of the Red Cross.....	500
Central Chapter of the Red Cross.....	500
Salvation Army.....	500
Child Service League.....	500
Ottile Home in Queens.....	400
United Hospital Fund.....	350
House of Calvary.....	350
Girl Scouts.....	300

National War Fund.....	250
Greater New York Fund.....	250
Community Service Society.....	250
Queens Society for Prevention of Cruelty to Children.....	250
College Point Community Ambulance Corps.....	250
Nursing Sisters of the Sick Poor.....	250
Visiting Nurse Service.....	250
Queens Speech and Hearing.....	250
Dr. Goldman Cancer Research.....	250
Police Athletic League.....	250
American Legion Welfare Fund.....	200
St. John's Home for Orphan Boys.....	200
St. Joseph's Home for Orphan Girls.....	200
Israel Orphan Home of Rockaway.....	100
Seeing Eye Foundation.....	100
National Infantile Paralysis Foundation.....	100
Alfred E. Smith Memorial.....	100
Emerald Society.....	100

The Elks War Commission received a donation of \$2,012.50, which was accepted by P.D.D. William Frasor on behalf of the Commission, and the same amount was set aside for the entertainment of delegates at the Grand Lodge Convention in New York City in July.

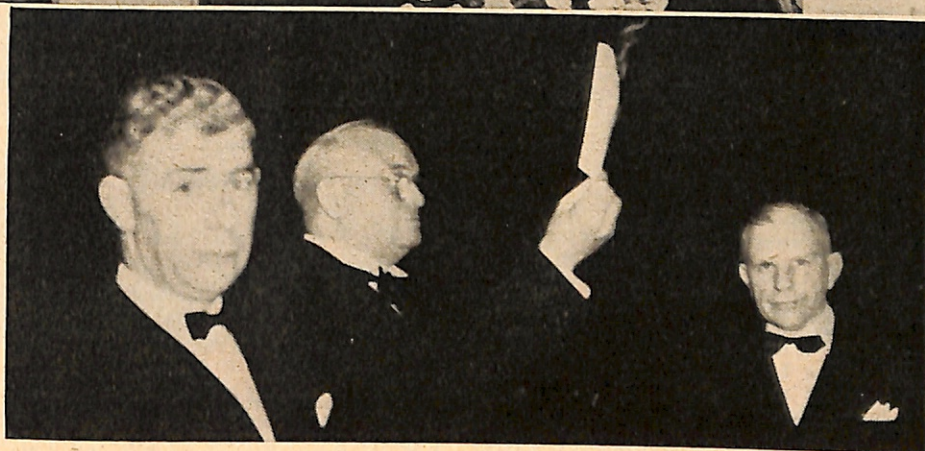
No. 878 also donated \$1,000 for the entertainment of patients at St. Albans Naval Hospital, which was accepted by

Below is the cast of the Minstrel Show put on by Freeport, N. Y., Lodge on Washington's Birthday.





Above: A photo taken when State Pres. Horace Wisely attended a dinner given by Brawley, Calif., Lodge. Other dignitaries present were Gov. Earl Warren, Oakland Lodge; L. A. Lewis, a member of the Grand Forum; Grand Est. Lead. Knight F. Eugene Dayton, and State Vice-Pres. W. P. Rouse.



Right: Officials of New York, N. Y., Lodge who took part in the burning of the mortgage on the lodge home during the celebration of the 78th Birthday of the Order.

Municipal Court Justice John F. Scilleppi, P.D.D.; \$1,000 was given to the Elks National Foundation for a Certificate, and this was accepted by William T. Phillips, former Chairman of the Board of Grand Trustees. E.R.-elect James Sweeney received \$2,000 for the maintenance of a hospital room and was also given charge of a \$15,000 charity relief fund for No. 878.

The sum of \$1,500 was appropriated for the continuance of entertainment under the direction of junior hostesses at the Elks Fraternal Center, and \$25,000 will be used as a reserve fund to buy materials for the 1946 Charity Bazaar, the affair, in charge of P.E.R. Frank J. Rauch, which gets all this money in position for distribution.

ELKS NATIONAL HOME. At a regular meeting April 1st the officers of the Home Lodge at Bedford, Va., for the following year were installed with Thomas McGrew, Washington, D. C., Lodge, No. 15, in charge. They are: E.R., Daniel F. Edgington, Wichita, Kans.; Est. Lead. Knight, J. E. Pedigo, Danville, Va.; Est. Loyal Knight, Robert M. Navin, Peru, Ind.; Est. Lect. Knight, J. A. Peters, Des Moines, Ia.; Secy., George Wolfe, Bluefield, W. Va.; Treas., Thomas H. Hughes, Adams, Mass.; Tiler, Lawrence Becker, Newton, Kans.; Esq., William Morrissey, Wilkinsburg, Pa.; Chaplain, Malcolm E. Landberg, Green Bay, Wis.; Inner Guard, Albert P. Harker, Dover, Ohio; Organist, David Fraser, Monessen, Pa., and Soloist, Anthony F. Pelstring, Ashland, Pa.

The State Associations Committee Reports the Following Convention Dates for 1946

Association	City	Date
North Dakota	Mandan	May 30-31
Texas	San Antonio	May 30-June 1
Maine	Biddeford	June (first week)
South Dakota	Mitchell	June 2-3
Florida	Miami Beach	June 2-4
Kentucky	Covington	June 2-5
New York	Rochester	June 6-8
Indiana	Michigan City	June 7-9
Nevada	Ely	June 7-8
Utah	Cedar City	June 7-9
Nebraska	Chadron	June 10-11
Oregon	Baker	June 14-15
Iowa	Burlington	June 14-16
Wyoming	Casper	June 15-16
Minnesota	Eveleth	June 20-22
New Jersey	Atlantic City	June 21-22
North Carolina	Wilmington	June 27-28
Idaho	Wallace	June 27-29
Rhode Island	Pawtucket	June 30
Connecticut	**	**
Louisiana	**	**
Mississippi	**	**

** Place not yet set
* Date not yet set

BERKELEY, CALIF., Lodge, No. 1002, held its Annual Charity Show March 9th and as usual broke all records. Not only did the committee-in-charge go to town, but the membership responded to the request for the sale of tickets like it never had before, getting rid of over 14,000. Entertainment and games were featured, with wondrous prizes for the winners.

Charity is a big item with No. 1002's membership and a new committee has been proposed, to be known as The Berkeley Elks' Charity Foundation Fund Committee whose chief function will be to receive and make reports on written proposals from members as to the disposition of charity funds.

Over three hundred Elks and Veterans, with their wives and guests, had a great time at the George Washington Anniversary banquet with Mayor Fitch Robertson, a member of Berkeley Lodge, and a large group of city and county officials attending.



Right is one of the Barbershop Quartets which competed in Twin Falls, Ida., Lodge's annual contest.



ORANGEBURG, S. C., Lodge, No. 897, recognizes the value of keeping up appearances. Located in a choice spot, a new \$18,000 home has been purchased by the enterprising members of No. 897, who will no doubt get busy fixing it up to the queen's taste in the very near future.

ROCHESTER, MINN., Lodge, No. 1091, invaded Minneapolis recently with four bowling teams and a squad of rooters for a bowling match. Their temerity was probably occasioned by the fact that they'd won once before. They proved their skill by winning again, although by a smaller margin this time.

After the bowl was over the Minneapolis Elks served a wonderful dinner and let its Rochester Brothers know they were willing to try for the trophy next year, with the idea of making this battle an annual event.

Above are local and visiting officers with a class of candidates initiated into Ely Lodge by the officers of Elko, Nev., Lodge.

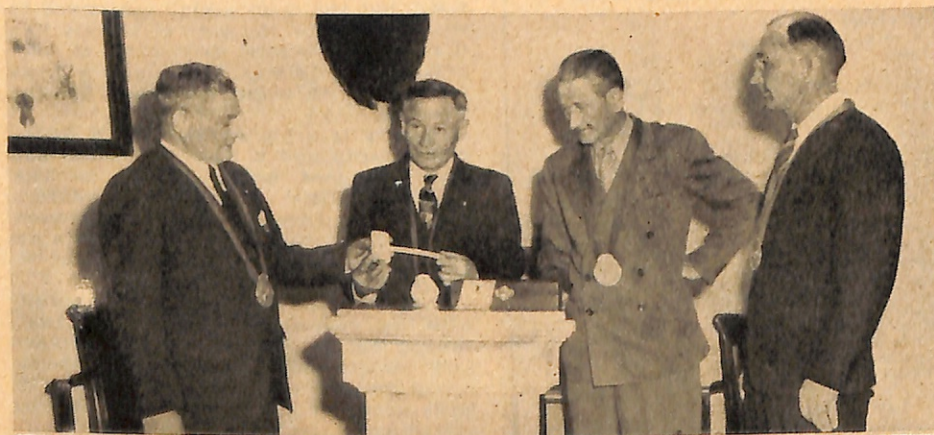
Moving Picture of Elks National Home, Bedford, Virginia

The West Virginia State Elks Association has donated to the Elks National Home a sixteen-millimeter film showing scenes in and around the Home. It is a silent film and the running time is about thirty minutes.

Any lodge or State Association may have the use of this film by applying to R. A. Scott, Superintendent, Elks National Home, Bedford, Virginia.

NEW YORK, N. Y., Lodge No. 1 added another interest to the celebration of its birthday and the recognition of the 78th Anniversary of the Order. On Feb. 16th the Hotel Commodore was the scene of a great deal of excitement when a banquet was held, attended by hundreds of people. The evening had all the earmarks of not only a pre-war affair, but a pre-depression shindig as well. Judge John J. Sullivan, P.E.R., presided as Toastmaster, and speeches were made by Grand Exalted Ruler Wade H. Kepner, Past Grand Exalted Ruler James T. Hallinan and President of the City Council Vincent Impellitteri, a member of No. 1.

The highspot of the evening was the burning of the mortgage on New York Lodge's new home. Built by the Nippon Club, the birthplace of plots against our Government, the beautiful building was acquired by the Elks from the Alien Property Custodian and is now the center of all the patriotic activities and brotherly love so characteristic of our Order.



CHARLESTON, S. C., Lodge, No. 242, keeps firing bang-up parties and entertainments at convalescent servicemen at the U. S. Naval Hospital.

A dance Mar. 19 at the Naval Recreation Hall went over big with the boys, especially since refreshments were served and prizes awarded in jitterbug and waltz contests.

A group of No. 242's Hospital Committee members took 60 veterans to the N. Y. Yankees-Brooklyn Dodgers ball game Mar. 30 at College Park. Special seating had been arranged, with peanuts, cracker jack and soda pop provided by the Elks. Another party was held for 50 vets at the Charleston Country Club where the special attraction was trick shots by pro golfers.

On Mar. 21 the Charleston Elks gave themselves a time at a party put on by a hard-working committee. An exceptionally large crowd of both old and new members turned out, none of whom went away either hungry or thirsty.



Above, left: E.R. Pius Kailen proudly displays Goldfield, Nev., Lodge's 40-year-old gold-inlaid ivory gavel to the lodge's junior officers.

Left is a photograph of leading Ohio Elks taken during the broadcast of the opening ceremonies of the Fifth Annual Ohio Elks Bowling Assn. Tournament at Dayton.



Above: Past Grand Exalted Ruler Henry C. Warner is photographed with the P.E.R.'s of Lincoln, Neb., Lodge.

Right: Former Deputies for the Ohio Northeast District who were present at Alliance, Ohio, Lodge when D.D. James J. Russell paid a visit there. Five hundred members were present.



ADRIAN, MICH., Lodge, No. 429, isn't letting any grass grow under its feet. In a town of 16,000, No. 429 has 402 members on its lists, and applications on file to do more than fill the membership limitation of 429. At a recent meeting a class was initiated with all chairs filled by Past Exalted Rulers.

These Michigan Elks own \$90,000 in War Bonds and are actively interested in civic affairs, having helped start the Adrian Boosters Club. They are now pushing the organization of a Boy Scout Troop.

DENVER, COLO., Lodge, No. 17, turned one of its meetings late in February into a "Welcome Home" affair for its fellow members recently discharged from the services. A large crowd attended and everyone had a good time, particularly the evening's special guests, each of whom received a gift.

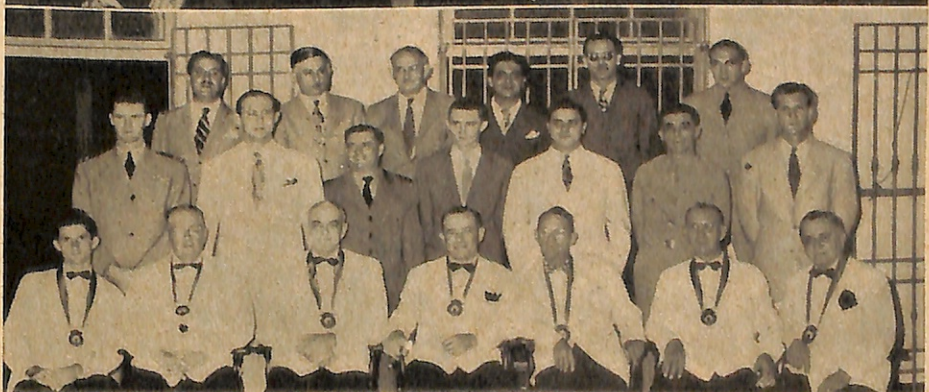
One of No. 17's finest charitable activities has just marked its first anniversary. An athletic and recreational program for youngsters of various orphanages was inaugurated a year ago, with several of the city's young athletes as directors. During the year baseball, football and basketball teams were sponsored and entered in league competition. Soccer, pushball, etc., were promoted for group participation, and games and hobby classes for those less athletically inclined. A terrific program is being outlined for the summer.

ATLANTIC CITY, N. J., Lodge, No. 276, is going to give the Burma Shave signs a little competition. As soon as the lodge's Publicity Committee makes the necessary arrangements, visitors driving along the roads toward the resort will find handsome painted markers greeting them with the legend, "Welcome Elks."

Above, right, are Boise, Ida., Lodge's Old Timers who were honored at a recent meeting.

POCOMOKE CITY, MD., Lodge, No. 624, isn't very old, but the members managed to pay off the debt on the lodge home in the six years No. 624 has been in existence. The paper was burned during the visit of President William C. Fowler of the Maryland, Delaware and District of Columbia State Assn., with many dignitaries present, including D.D. Frank Coulbourn.

NORTH DAKOTA ELKS are always ready to jump at any chance to help crippled children. At a recent meeting at Fargo the officers of the State's ten lodges endorsed a proposal to purchase Camp Grassick, near Dawson, an item priced at \$7,500, because they realized the camp would be an ideal spot for these children to receive therapeutic and other corrective treatment.



Right is the 78th Anniversary Class of San Juan, Puerto Rico, Lodge, with the lodge officers.



Above are the officers of Hutchinson, Kans., Lodge with a large group of new members.

Left is a photograph taken when E.R. D. J. Lucy presented Sayre, Pa., Lodge's \$25,000 check to Pres. L. B. Shedd of the Valley Swimming Pool Fund, as a contribution toward this war memorial.



WESTFIELD, MASS., Lodge, No. 1481, had a lot of distinguished visitors at a recent meeting when 21 State Senators and Representatives—all members of the Order—flew from Boston to Westfield and back. The party included Past Grand Exalted Ruler E. Mark Sullivan and the following State Legislators: P.E.R.'s James Harnedy, J. J. Lyons and Frederick Pierce, and F. W. Lindstrom, William Barry, Lawrence Davis, Michael Condon, George Stanton, James Violette, Paul Cranciolo, Dexter Snow, Bart Callery, William E. Nolen, Bernard Dill, Howard Driscoll, George Asiaf, Fred Harrington, Edward Hutchinson and Walter Kove, of Massachusetts, and Nelles Bronner of Little Falls, N. Y. State Representative Joseph Ferriter was installed that evening as Exalted Ruler of No. 1481.

Below are some of the crowd of more than 500 members and their daughters who attended Lansing, Mich., Lodge's Father-Daughter Banquet.

OHIO ELKS BOWLING ASSN. On Mar. 9th the Fifth Annual Tournament of the Ohio State Elks Bowling Assn. opened at the Recreation Alleys at Dayton, Ohio, with the ceremonies broadcast over station WING. Sponsored by the State Elks Assn. and hosted by Dayton Lodge No. 58, the tourney got off to a fine start with 52 lodges represented in the entries which included 309 teams. Prominent among the officials of the Order who watched Dr. V. E. Berg, Pres. of the Bowling Assn., roll the first ball were Mayor Edward Breen of Dayton Lodge, Past State Pres. Joseph W. Fitzgerald, Chairman of the Grand Lodge

Activities Committee, and State Pres. Leslie G. Scrimger, who has just received a Navy commendation on his able performance as a Recruiting Officer.

During the tournament which ended April 7th, a great many terrific scores were registered, with the Hard Crome No. 1 Team from Lakewood finishing first in the five-man event and the Palmer & Glass Team from Springfield first in the two-man event. Warren B. Weigel, of Wooster, who did himself proud in the one-man event also proved top man for all events, rolling himself a 2010 total. Wm. H. Kneale of Lakewood followed him with a 1877 tally.





Above are some of the 160 members who were present at Olney, Ill., Lodge's P.E.R.'s Night, when a class of 22 was initiated.



Left: H. H. Pundt presents a check for \$2,296.47, collected through the efforts of San Diego, Calif., Lodge, to S. E. Davis, County Chairman of the National Assn. for Infantile Paralysis.

EAU CLAIRE, WIS., Lodge, No. 402, never passes up a chance to honor its Old Timers and Past Exalted Rulers. The last time was March 30th when one of No. 402's charter members, Charles J. Kepler, was on hand to watch the initiation of 39 candidates, including his son.

A dinner was served, with a dance for the Elks and their ladies and a bag of tricks opened by Frank Beck, a magician who entertained GIs overseas.

TWIN FALLS, IDA., Lodge, No. 1183, broke out in song recently with its annual Barbershop Quartet Contest. Two teams sang old-time favorites before a large group of music lovers who gave Dick Duvall's gang first prize. All contestants gave their lungs a good workout to win prize money which amounted to more than \$100.

ASHLAND, KY., Lodge, No. 350, on April 17th saw something it had never feasted its eyes on before. The largest class ever to enter No. 350—fifty men—were initiated into the Order by a very able Degree Team headed by No. 350's junior Past Exalted Ruler, W. H. Justice, to the edification of a huge gathering of interested Elk spectators.

TROY, N. Y., Lodge, No. 141, had a real treat when a full complement of officers of Albany Lodge No. 49, with a delegation of social-minded Elks, dropped in for a visit at a regular meeting early in April. Past State Pres. Peter Buchheim and Past State Vice-Pres. Joseph N. Blase were among them. Having good manners and liking this interlodge-good-time business, the Troy Elks returned the call April 10th. Past Grand Est. Lead. Knight Dr. J. E. Gallico and P.D.D. John J. Sweeney joined many present and past officers of No. 141 on this visit.

Below: Seventeen new members of Iola, Kans., Lodge are shown with their officers and Trustees.

GOLDFIELD, NEV., Lodge, No. 1072, hasn't just a name that glitters. A priceless 40-year-old treasure of this lodge is its walrus-ivory gavel, inlaid with Goldfield-mined wrought gold, and the solid gold emblem pin, a gift of Reno Lodge No. 597, which is handed down from Exalted Ruler to Exalted Ruler.

At a recent meeting when State Pres. Arthur O'Connor spoke, a delegation of officers and members from Bishop, Calif., Lodge, No. 1603, showed up after a long hard drive over snowy mountain passes. This was no particular surprise since Goldfield Lodge's meetings often have long-distance visitors. At this meeting a group of candidates was initiated, after which everyone dove into a characteristic Goldfield post-meeting "feed."





BLOOMSBURG, PA., Lodge, No. 436, rolled out the red carpet Mar. 28 to give a royal welcome to its returned servicemen members. Of the 179 Bloomsburg Elks who were in the services, 132 were on hand to receive their two-year membership cards. U. S. Senator Alben W. Barkley of Paducah, Ky., Lodge, spoke and Mayor Leo Williamson of Williamsport Lodge presided as Toastmaster. Over 600 members enjoyed the turkey dinner and floor show headed by Guy Kibbee of stage and screen fame.

CRESCENT CITY, CALIF., Lodge, No. 1689, had plenty of witnesses at its institution March 23rd. Grand Est. Lead. Knight F. Eugene Dayton; L. Grant Kellogg, a member of the Grand Lodge Activities Committee; Charles T. Reynolds, former Chairman of the Grand Lodge Antlers Council; State Pres. Horace R. Wisely; State Vice-Pres. August Lepori; State Secy. Edgar W. Dale; D.D. T. F. Werner, and P.D.D. E. E. Keller, plus many other dignitaries, were on hand to see that everything went off satisfactorily.

Some 20-odd candidates were initiated in an enviable fashion by the officers of Oakland Lodge No. 171, who also grabbed the chance to ring in a new member for their own lodge. Berkeley Lodge No. 1002, which sent a contingent of ten, presented a \$200 gift to E.R. Har-

Right: An iron lung is added to the facilities of Whidden Memorial Hospital by the efforts of Everett, Mass., Lodge. A nurses' desk and six reading lamps were also donated by the Elks.

Below is the Ritualistic Team of Annapolis, Md., Lodge which won the Tri-State Elks Assn. title at the home of Baltimore Lodge.

Above: St. Johnsbury, Vt., Lodge's officers, winners of the Riley C. Bowers Ritualistic Cup, are shown with Past Grand Esteemed Loyal Knight Bowers, right, holding cup. Vermont State President G. Herbert Moulton was also present.

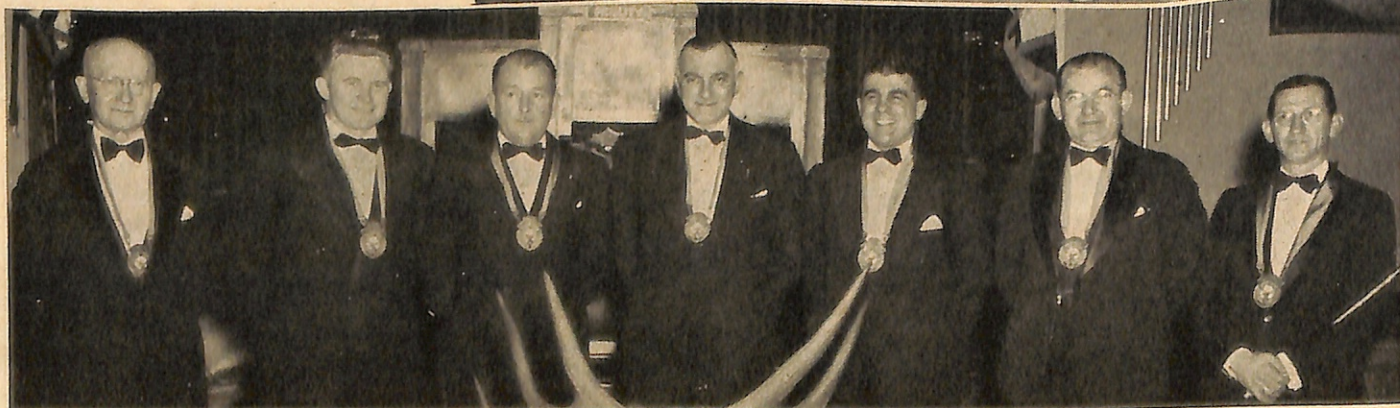
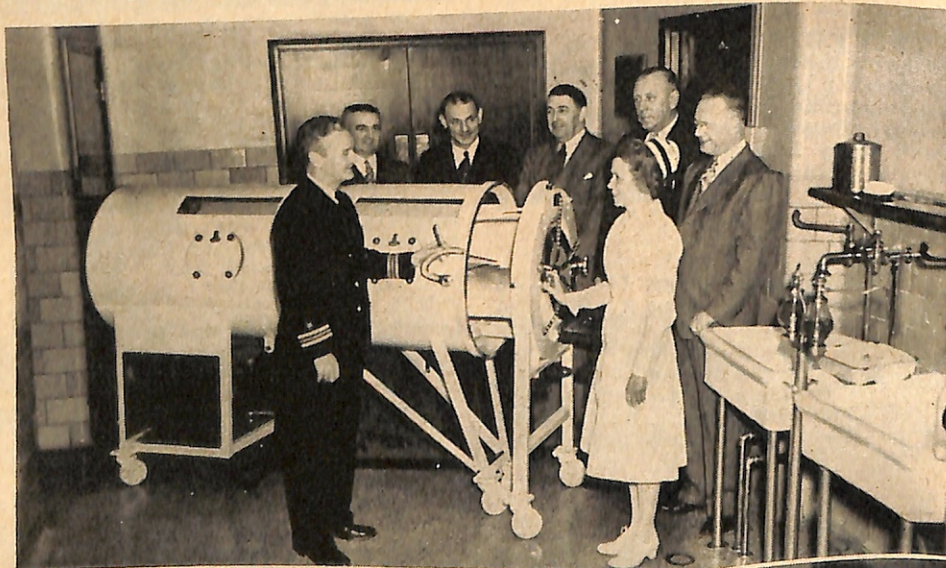
land W. Wilson, No. 1689's first Exalted Ruler.

A cracked crab feed was put on at noon and just before the ceremonies began at the Municipal Auditorium over 500 Elks were served a fine dinner. The Oakland Glee Club sang its way through the excitement, to everyone's delight.

MILLVILLE, N. J., Lodge, No. 580, rolled up its sleeves 23 years ago and got to work aiding crippled children. It has never let up, each year accomplishing more and giving more of its time and

money. A total of \$7,224.20 was spent during the past year with a great many remarkable operations on handicapped children performed through the Elks' assistance. Thousands of examinations and treatments were arranged through No. 580's Crippled Children's Committee and the gifts made to these boys and girls cannot be counted.

BROOKLYN, N. Y., Lodge, No. 22, sent a contingent of members to be present at the ceremonies inducting two of its Past Exalted Rulers as civic officials. Secretary Thomas F. Cuite, who is also Secretary of the N. Y. State Elks Assn., was inducted as Deputy City Clerk of Brooklyn by Hon. Joseph Fennelly, a member of 22, and Samuel C. Duberstein, former member of the Grand Lodge Committee on Judiciary, was inducted as U.S. Referee in Bankruptcy, U. S. District Court, for the New York Eastern District.



VERMONT STATE ELKS. Five Vermont Ritualistic Teams got together in Rutland Feb. 24 to compete for the Riley C. Bowers Cup and the right to represent the State in the National Contest to be held during the Grand Lodge Convention in New York City this July.

The St. Johnsbury contingent ganged up on the rest and copped the cup with 97.232 points. The Contest which began in the afternoon after everyone had enjoyed a chicken dinner was judged by a seven-man team which had no axes to grind since it was made up entirely of Bay Staters.

Rutland Lodge came in a good second with 96.48 points, with Springfield, Brattleboro and Bellows Falls Lodges placing third, fourth and fifth like that.

Many prominent Vermont Elks attended, including Past Grand Est. Loyal Knight Bowers, State Pres. G. Herbert Moulton and D.D. Andrew Morrison. After the contest was over, Rutland Lodge put on a good feed for everyone.

ANNAPOLIS, MD., Lodge, No. 622, brought its Ritualistic Team to Baltimore Lodge No. 7 recently and walked off with the State Championship in an exciting contest with the teams from Hagerstown Lodge No. 378 and Salisbury Lodge No. 817.

The new champions of the Tri-State Elks Association will battle for the national title at the Grand Lodge Session in New York in July.

SAN DIEGO, CALIF., Lodge, No. 168, as part of its up-and-at-'em juvenile delinquency program, sponsors basketball and softball leagues among the junior and senior high schools of the city. More than 1200 boys played on the various teams under the direction of the city's recreation department.

With the end of the basketball season out there, the winners, about 120 all told, were entertained by No. 168 at a special dinner and were given suitable awards and medals.

OCALA, FLA., Lodge, No. 286, held a dinner and dance March 16th and raised over \$1,000 which entirely liquidated the balance of the mortgage on its home. The paper was destroyed at a regular meeting March 28th and now that that's taken care of, No. 286 has embarked on a huge remodeling and renovation plan to make its home a real showplace.

Notice Regarding Applications for Residence At Elks National Home

The Board of Grand Trustees reports that there are several rooms at the Elks National Home awaiting applications from members qualified for admission. Applications will be considered in the order in which received.

For full information, write Robert A. Scott, Superintendent, Elks National Home, Bedford, Va.

JUNEAU, ALASKA, Lodge, No. 420, may be 'way up North, but its members can become just as heated over a bowling match as any of us. One day in the dead of the past winter No. 420's bowlers, along with their female counterparts, took their lodge officers with them on the good ship *North Sea* and headed for Ketchikan. They all came back in a happy frame of mind. For even though the keggers didn't do so well, the Ritualistic Team gave a good account of itself when it initiated 16 new members for Ketchikan Lodge. The way they were entertained during their 12-day stay didn't leave them with any sad memories either.

Later on, a return engagement was staged by Ketchikan Lodge No. 1429 when it sent 21 bowlers and an enthusiastic gallery to swarm over the Gastineau Elks—and they did. This time No. 1429 won hands down, although the lady bowlers from Juneau managed to hold their own.

NORTH DAKOTA and MINNESOTA ELKS are always quick to respond to any worthy request. Grand Forks and Devils Lake, N. D., Lodges and Crookston and Thief River Falls, Minn., Lodges cooperated in the \$75,000 Boy Scout Camp Fund Drive headed by State Pres. M. Dave Miller, with typical Elk generosity. Grand Forks Lodge donated \$2,500; Crookston and Devils Lake, \$2,000 each and Thief River Falls \$100. The money will be spent for facilities at Boy Scout camps in the area which includes six North Dakota and nine Minnesota counties. The members of Grand Forks Lodge also contributed \$200 recently to a cancer fund drive

and have agreed to furnish a teen-age canteen.

COLDWATER, MICH., Lodge, No. 1023, will never allow the town's ardor to be dampened when it comes to remembering those 3,000-odd men and women of Branch County who served in World War II.

Right out where everyone can see it, at the main intersection of the city, No. 1023 has erected, at a cost of \$3,500, a memorial on which the names of servicemen and women are inscribed on individual bronze plaques. Besides the board carrying all names, a permanent headstone listing in bronze the names of the 84 who died in active service, has been placed a few feet in the foreground. The entire memorial is landscaped and illuminated.

Several organizations donated time and energy to the construction of this memorial which was under the direction of a committee of Coldwater Elks. The City donated the property, the illumination of the board and its maintenance.

STATEN ISLAND, N. Y., Lodge, No. 841, observed St. Patrick's Day with its usual enthusiasm and a big party under the direction of Harold Moul and his Entertainment Committee. The main lodge hall was splitting at the seams early in the evening, so the overflow crowd was shunted off to adjoining rooms. No complaints were heard, however, because the first-rate food, music and entertainment could be enjoyed no matter where you were seated.

McALLEN, TEX., Lodge, No. 1402, has only been in business since January of this year and already has a membership of 201 with 32 applications on hand.

On Easter Saturday the new lodge launched its first public community project which is destined to be an annual event. A crowd of more than 1,000 children from several schools and orphanages enjoyed an egg hunt at the local high school athletic field and that evening the first Easter dance was held for the members and their families.

The ladies have also set up an active social organization among themselves, with 87 active members. The members of No. 1402 entertained this group at a dinner in Reynosa, Mexico, late in April when dancing and a large floor show composed of both American and Mexican talent were enjoyed.

Information Available At The Elks Magazine Exhibit At Grand Lodge Convention in New York

This year *The Elks Magazine* in conjunction with its annual Magazine Exhibit wants to render an important service to all members attending the Elks Grand Lodge Convention. We plan to set up a file which will supply answers to the many questions which have been put to us at previous Grand Lodge meetings.

If your State will have its own Conference headquarters—if your

District has a special activity afoot—if your lodge has a get-together meeting place, and you want other members who might ask for it to have this information, send it to us for *The Elks Magazine* Exhibit Information Desk. We know from experience that many members will drop in and ask us about these things—they've done so many times—and we'd like to have the answers ready for them.

Other information that we would like to have on file is the hotel at which you will stay and the date of your arrival in New York.

Send the information to the Reader Service Department of *The Elks Magazine* now or plan to give it to us at the Magazine Exhibit desk at the Hotel Commodore, when you reach New York City.

It's a Man's World



by Kent Richards

THE fact-of-life-of-the-month for June is a brief note on democracy.

At this moment both the army and the navy "caste system", as the critics label it, are being severely attacked and the services are presumably scrabbling around to find means of bridging the gap between enlisted ranks and officers. Nobody has mentioned, though, that in the Navy Yard at Charleston, South Carolina, the children of naval personnel are picked up by a public school bus for transportation to Charleston schools. In the bus the children are required to seat themselves according to the rank of their fathers.

Here, in a nutshell, is evidence of the ridiculous extreme to which unbridled artificial social systems will grow. Impregnating impressionable kids with the rank consciousness of their parents may be defensible in a dictatorship, though even that is doubtful. Where such a practice fits into a democracy perhaps the navy will want to explain. The proper place to do the explaining is, I think, in Congress.

While the admirals talk about that one perhaps the rest of us should review our habits of tipping. My hotel manager friends tell me that inflation has hit tipping to such an extent that what was once regarded as a munificent reward no longer impresses bellboys, doormen and waiters. A dollar bill for even the simplest

service is not uncommon, they say, and an occasional \$5.00 reward for rooming a guest with three or four bags is developing in many bellhops a streak of avarice which was previously almost unknown.

To find out what the proper tips are currently, I asked the operators of one of the largest chains of hotels, to give me figures which would apply for routine services right across the country. Here is their suggested tipping schedule:

Doorman who secures a cab . . . about 25¢

Cloakroom girls . . . 25¢

Bellboy taking luggage up to room . . . about 25¢

Restaurant waiters . . . from 10% to 15% of the check

Hotel maids . . . about 50¢ a night

Garagemen . . . 25¢ to 50¢

Naturally bellboys who carry a quantity of luggage expect and should receive more than a quarter. Also waiters in swank night-clubs should get around 20% of the check. But otherwise, except where unusual service is requested or rendered, adherence to the above schedule should get most travelers all the service they need and will certainly save many of them some money.

Driving around the country checking up on this and that, I have been impressed by the tremendous number of dude ranches which have opened up to serve our rootin', tootin', shootin' im-

pulses. Some of them are even actually out west though only a small number of these sport real cattle and everything. But whether they are in the Adirondacks or the Rockies they all call for western riding outfits which are now available in so many stores I expect to see them next on the drug counters, along with high-ball glasses and waffle irons.

You can spend almost any amount of money on western clothes and movie cowboys spend \$50 on a shirt suitable for technicolor without batting an eyelash. You can get an entire outfit for that amount, though, if you're not too particular about quality. Here are some current prices:

Blue jeans	\$ 2.50
Shirts	1.29 to \$75
Hat	5.00 to 45
Boots	15.00 to 40
Chaps	20.00 to 50

To this ought to be added a leather jacket for around \$25 because almost any place you want to ride can be cool of an evening and riding at a dude ranch on moonlight nights is said to be something. You can do without the chaps, but out west they won't seem out of place and they do help in riding. The big-shot dudes all have their own saddles and these usually cost from \$100 upwards although the famous saddlers have excellent saddles for \$85.

IF YOU'RE not going to a dude ranch this summer and plan to lie around and see what enjoyment turns up, it would be a good idea to devote a small amount of energy to sipping some appropriate drink. If that doesn't help turn up something to entertain you, then you may as well join a hermitage. I have a few suggestions at the moment but before I go into them let us settle once and for all the often argued question of whether drinking warms you up or cools you off.

The fact of the matter is, it does both. Alcohol is immediately converted to energy which, for a series of reasons you needn't worry about, causes blood to rush to the skin and results in the warm glow which immediately follows a highball or a cocktail. But this glow is only temporary, for at the skin surface the blood is cooled and the result is that a drink or two or three actually produces a lower body temperature. That is something to remember next winter when you are tempted to take a couple of quick ones before going out into the blizzard for whatever reason you might be going out into a blizzard for.

But the effect of alcohol in reducing body temperature is not sufficient to make air conditioning unnecessary and summer time is excellent for testing out long, cool drinks which can be sipped throughout an evening without causing anyone to fall on his face. For this purpose wine and seltzer make a swell highball. Two jiggers of sauterne or chablis in a large glass stacked with ice cubes and filled with soda water makes a

*Your taste buds will give
Five Cheers!*

WHILE THE RICH, tantalizing odor of roasting lamb keeps your guests on edge for the call to dinner, give that dinner the perfect prelude with Seagram's 5 Crown. They'll add two cheers to the traditional three when they try this taste-rousing whiskey!

There's a mighty good reason why the taste of Seagram's 5 Crown is something to shout about. Only the choicest "flavor" whiskies and pedigreed grain neutral spirits are combined to produce this extra-smooth, extra-flavorful whiskey. And every drop is of genuine pre-war quality!

Never forget, good taste says, "Seagram's 5 Crown, please!"... because Seagram's 5 Crown always pleases good taste!



Seagram's 5 Crown

Say Seagram's and be Sure of Pre-War Quality

Seagram's 5 Crown Blended Whiskey. 72½% Grain Neutral Spirits. 86.8 Proof. Seagram-Distillers Corporation, Chrysler Building, New York

very appealing drink and one not likely to disturb the equilibrium of even your maternal grandmother.

ANOTHER number, popular with the womenfolk because it has color and a reputation generations old of wide acceptance among little old ladies who wear black lace dresses, is a claret cup. Pour two jiggers of claret into a highball glass and add a level teaspoon of powdered sugar and a slice of lemon. Stir until the sugar is dissolved. Stack in the ice cubes, add soda water and stir to mix. Then add a slice of orange or a pineapple stick, or both if you want to be fancy, and perhaps a raspberry or a blackberry (I'm serious).

It is important that the wine be of good quality. For some reason many

It's a Man's World

Stumped about a product mentioned in this column? Let the experts in our Reader Service Dept. tell you who makes it, how much it costs.

people seem to be of the opinion that all domestic wine is about the same. It isn't so. Some is almost undrinkable and some is better than many French or Italian wines. Pick one bottled by a good house in the Napa or Livermore Valleys of California or branded by a reputable firm, and you're pretty sure to be on the right track.

A good summer drink is dry vermouth served either with soda as a

highball or straight, with a couple of chunks of ice and a twist of lemon peel, in an old-fashioned glass.

MAYBE it was the shortage of fruit during the war; I don't know, but anyhow there is a trend against loading up an old-fashioned with every thing that comes in a can of fruit salad. Nowadays people are serving this popular drink made with the usual sugar into which bitters have been ground, and with whiskey, ice and a twist of lemon peel, and nothing else. This again puts a premium on quality for there is nothing much in this concoction to disguise or dilute the taste of the whiskey. Sometimes a few drops of soda or water are added but not on my recommendation.

Is There a Detective in the House?

(Continued from page 7)

hordes of cheap imitators try to encroach as far as the law will allow and further, much further; all of which provides a big slice of the private agency business.

An overall company, for example places its trademark, a crown, on each of the buttons. Customers habitually ask the storekeeper for "Crown Overalls". A chiseler comes out with an inferior product, its buttons also embellished with a crown, slightly different in design. When customers ask for Crown Overalls, clerks give them the inferior product which affords a larger margin of

profit. The Crown people employ a detective agency to gather evidence of the fraud. Investigators shop in scores of stores asking for "Crown Overalls". Repeatedly they are given the imitation. They accept it without comment but their careful records of each purchase are the evidence which convicts the chiseler and puts him out of the imitating business.

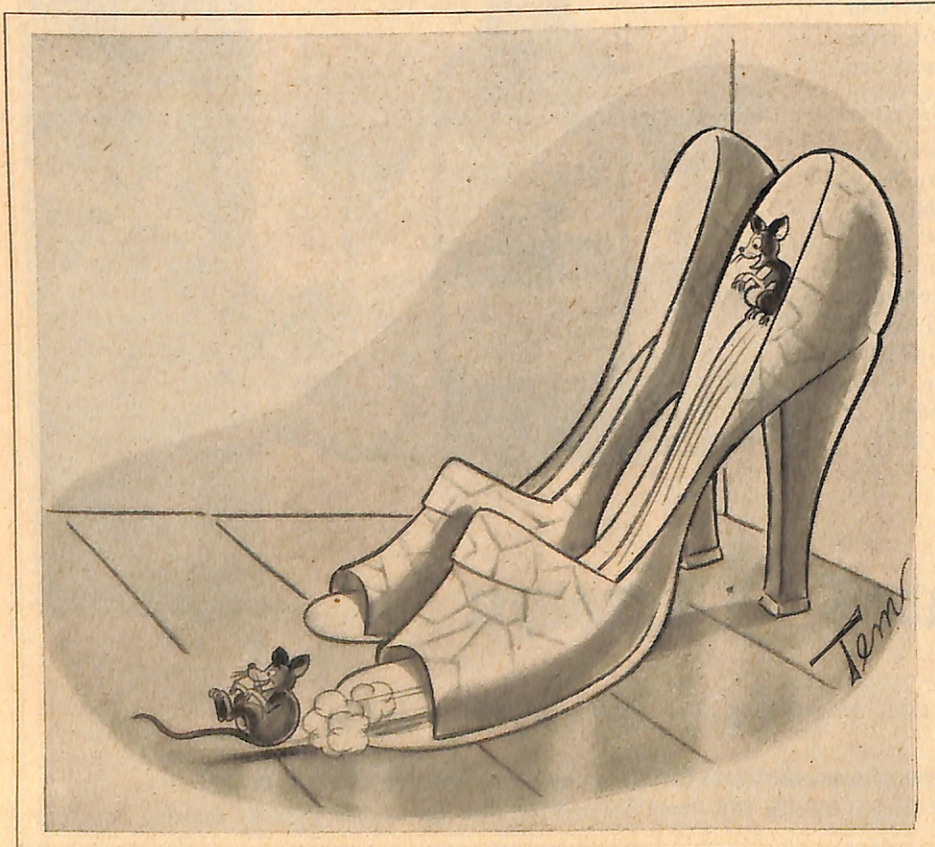
Benzedrine has a nice thing in its trademark. When doctors prescribe it, pharmacists often substitute products made of pretty much but not precisely the same chemicals. Detectives get the evidence and miscreants go

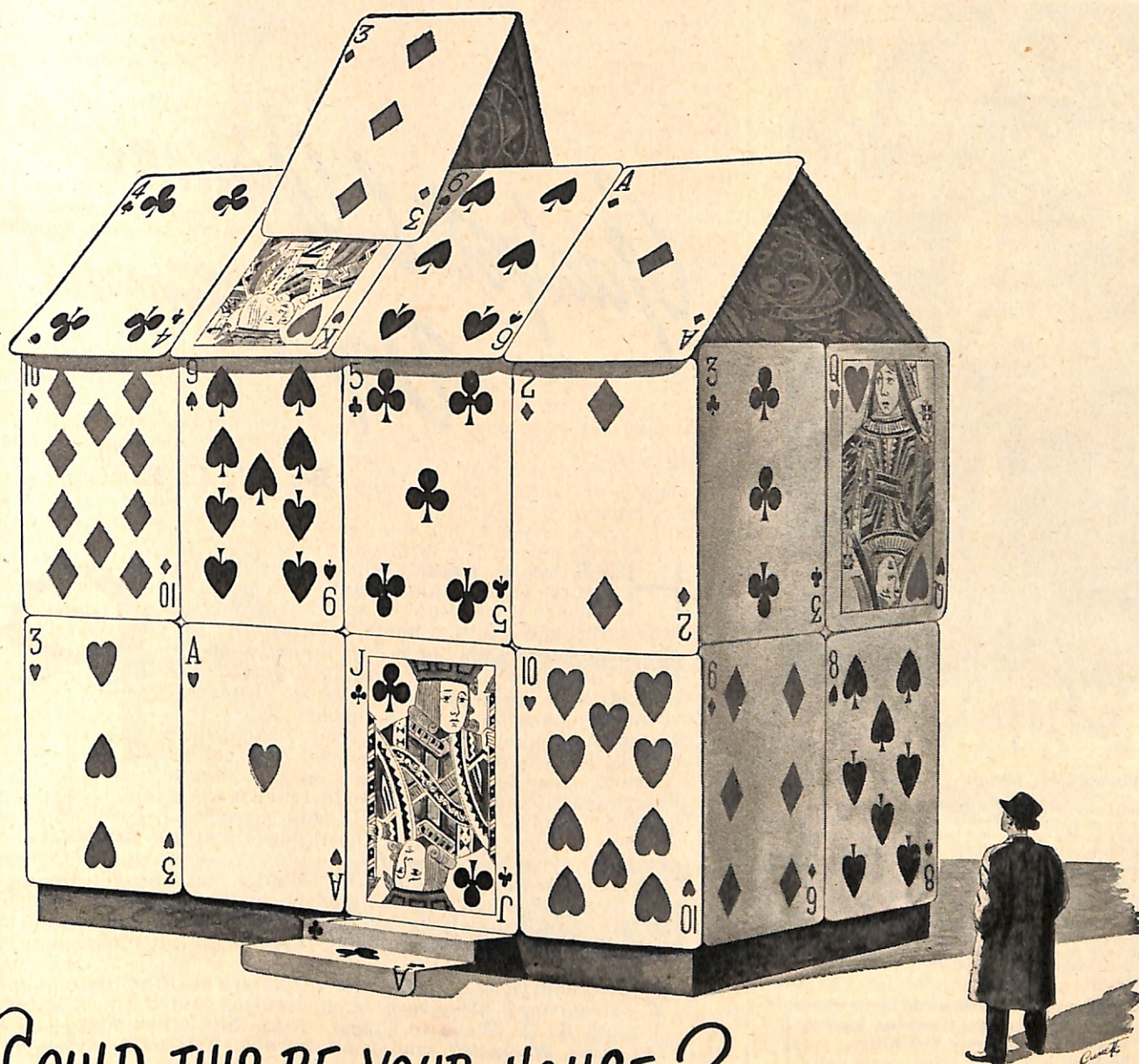
to jail. Only by continuous vigilance and forthright prosecution can such products maintain the trade position they have earned. Imitating Life-buoy soap is practically an established pastime. Sharp operators who haven't yet got their fingers burned think they have discovered a gold mine in the fact that Life-buoy's distinctive octagonal shape, its odor and its color are not patentable. But every time they work up a nice piece of fraudulent business, detectives nail them to the cross. The trouble is they can't sell their imitation soap on its merits, it has to be sold to the consumer on the basis that it is the same as Life-buoy. And that is fatal.

Even major and reputable companies become involved in infringements. Columbia and Decca Records, for example, came out with red seal discs which Victor promptly claimed was an attempt to cash in on their hall-mark of quality, Victor Red Seal Records. Detectives shopping interminably for "red seal" recordings provided the evidence which won the suit for Victor.

The soap business is one of the most competitive in America. When Procter and Gamble and Lever Brothers, manufacturers of Ivory and Life-buoy, respectively, tangle in an infringement suit, it is a big one. In one such fight a key piece of evidence was a soap which hadn't been on the market for twenty-five years. In order to establish certain claims it was essential that a bar of this soap be procured in its original wrapping. The company didn't have it and it was unlikely that anyone else would either. After weeks of frantic searching a detective discovered it in an out-of-the-way bin of an ancient, small-town drug store. The clerk was astonished when the detective triumphantly pocketed the package and handed her \$5.08. The eight cents was for the soap; the five dollars for herself. But when the suit

(Continued on page 55)





COULD THIS BE YOUR HOUSE?

Now that the war's over and a lot more civilian goods are on the market, it's a big temptation to spend just about all you make, and not put anything aside.

But to fall for that temptation is plenty dangerous. It's like trying to live in the house above—a house that might come tumbling down about your ears at the first little blow of hard luck.

Right now the best possible way to

keep your finances in sound shape is to save regularly—by buying *U. S. Savings Bonds* through the Payroll Plan.

These Bonds are exactly like War Bonds. Millions of Americans have found them the safest, easiest, surest way to save. The U. S. A. protects every dollar you invest—and Uncle Sam gives you his personal guarantee that, in just ten years, you'll get *four dollars back* for

every three you put in!

If you stick with the Payroll Savings Plan, you'll not only guard against rainy days, you'll *also* be storing up money for the really important things—like sending your children to college, traveling, or buying a home.

So—anyway you look at it—isn't it smart to buy every single U. S. Bond you can possibly afford!

SAVE THE EASY WAY... BUY YOUR BONDS THROUGH PAYROLL SAVINGS

The Elks Magazine

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Delightful item for kitchen, playroom bar—or on a picnic. Makes chopped ice instantly right in the glass—for better drinks, quicker cooling. An ideal gift for any occasion.

Smart pearlized handle. Amazing spring and hammer action makes crushed ice in a few seconds—right in glass without breaking it. Professional barmen use it, because it makes frosty drinks quickly. Order now and be ready to serve quick, cool, finer drinks this summer. Deluxe model postpaid in gift box \$1.00. Initial embossed in gold, 25¢ extra. Immediate delivery.

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Deluxe "Chip-Chops" at \$1.00 each
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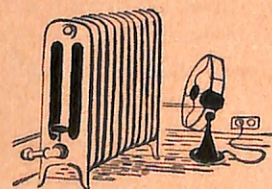
By W. C. Bixby

HERE we go again. While scanning the future, various and sundry things have come to light. But the speed at which we travel through life has made it impossible for me to do more than jot a few notes on stray pieces of paper. An air-freight line has delivered high priority packages by dropping them by parachute. It happened when the former AVG pilots running their air-freight line called "The Flying Tigers" dropped a parcel at Newark, New Jersey, and sped on their way. Four hundred and sixty thousand wrenches were declared surplus by the Army. I said wrenches. A boom is expected in the artificial-flower market. And so it goes, one great event follows another to heaven knows where. African pyrethrum is now available, too. Many's the time friends have said to me, "I'll certainly be glad to get some of that good old African pyrethrum again." Well, it's back now, and fresh off the boat. You can have all you want. I wonder what pyrethrum is?



YOU know those rotating arm sprinklers heard on hot summer afternoons? They've been modernized and the new version puts H. G. Wells to shame. Now they crawl. If you saw "The Lost Weekend" you won't be able to stand having this around. The weird little gimmick has wheels and the water pressure drives it at an adjustable rate of twenty or thirty feet per hour. It sprinkles a circle fifty or sixty feet in diameter and climbs little hills. It doesn't wander aimlessly across the grass either. You place a hundred feet of hose around to cover the lawn you want dampened then double the hose back on itself, place the wheels of this gimmick astride the hose, and away she goes. The hose acts as a track and the sprinkling beast can go in circles, curves or straight lines. When it comes to a pre-positioned stop, the water shuts off automatically and there you are. Little ratchets and gears make the robot trundle about. Get one—it'll frighten the neighbors and save work for you.

A NUMBER of cagey people have used an electric fan for novel purposes. Some of them beat eggs with it, and still others put fingers in it. You too can be cagey with these few simple applications of the old fan. Had you ever thought to face one toward a radiator and so speed the heating of your room? Instead of waiting for convection currents to do it all, you can actually stir the molecules faster by using a fan. Another use would be to face a fan toward a steamed up, or frosted up, window. It clears the view for you rapidly. And still another thought on fans: why not air the closet from time to time? That keeps down moths among your stored winter or summer clothes.



THERE'S a fellow named Strongheart, works where I do. He's been arriving a bit late every rainy morning muttering oaths. He's originally from Los Angeles and says he isn't used to rain. But he doesn't really mind it so much except for the way it's ruining his hat. He's got a real good-looking hat. He comes in and wipes that hat carefully each time it gets wet, then he scowls and examines it for spots. He really worries about it. Yesterday he came in out of the pouring rain, but Strongheart was smiling. He got a cover for that hat and now he likes nothing better than a rainy morning. It's one of those plastic things servicemen wore to protect their hats. This one is a civilian version and fits over crown and brim. If you're out when the rain stops, just whip it off, fold it up and slip it in your pocket.



HERE'S a simple little thing that, although it's not new, is useful. A set of aluminum broil racks, three in number and sized seven, eight and nine inches. The fact that they're aluminum is an asset in a thing like this because they're easy to clean. Unlike steel ones, they don't discolor very much and charred food doesn't cling too closely. Other uses for the racks are numerous. You could use them for pie racks, iron rests, or even kettle bottoms.



PLASTIC rears its progressive head again. This time it appears at your window as a new screen and is called Lumite. That seems to be one of many trade names for different plastics. Whatever the name means, the substance has been woven into a rustless screen which, unlike women, never requires painting for protection. Another of its major advantages is its light weight. It weighs one-third as much as metal screening. Things get lighter, faster, cheaper and better all the time. Does anyone know where I can get a light shirt, faster than I am getting them now, cheaper than a pre-war suit; and better than the one I have on?



THAT fellow, Strongheart, who works at my office, is quite an outdoor man. He loves nothing better than to "get away from it all" each weekend and go camping, or at least out on a picnic. Last Friday he came in with a rather heavy looking contraption and put it under the desk. Since I'm always on the lookout for new gimmicks, I asked him what it was. Strongheart wouldn't say at first, but I gradually got it out of him. It was a portable ice box. He showed it to me and it really is something. The outside is made of laminated plastic, no less. Then there's the insulating part between the outside and the compartment. Strongheart says it will keep things at freezing temperature for two full days if you treat it right. The secret of it is dry ice. If you really load it down with dry ice you can actually "quick freeze" stuff like fish you catch and things. For short picnics regular ice is good enough, but the hunter or fisher who is going to the cabin for a couple of days could certainly use this.

Get Me A Gadget

Our Reader Service Dept. will help you get that gadget . . . if it's listed in this column. Drop us a note; we'll be happy to tell you who makes it.

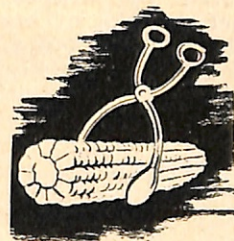
AL found a home at last! Remember him? He used to travel between New York, Chicago and Pittsburgh, to keep out of the weather. Well, he heard about these new concrete-poured houses and he got one. One night he piled all his furniture, kids and wife about him and had the thing poured during the night. When he woke in the morning, there was his house and he was in it. Only one slight trouble remained. His wife got her foot caught in the wall of concrete. But she says she doesn't mind a bit. She was tired of traveling and wants to stay put for a while. Al's decorating with one of those new color charts to help him. It's a chart that has all shades of a lot of colors and you pick the one you want. Each color has a formula and the paint people mix the color to the exact shade you pick. They have six basic colors and grey and white. You can order any one of a thousand shades. That's pretty tricky, isn't it?



THIS next one has been needed a long time. I've been waiting for it ever since I was old enough to drink. It's the ultimate in bottle openers. No longer will you break bottle necks or worse, have a bottle of soda spew up and soak your shirt and arms when you open it. Isn't it amazing how the most innocent bottle of soda can act up the minute you pry the top off? This gimmick has a guard which fits down over the neck of the bottle. You can see what an advance that is right there. Next you grasp the plier-like handles at the top and give a hearty squeeze. The squeeze moves two grips upward and catches the top, removing it with no effort or mess. These claws and things are inside the guard along with the bottle top, so there is no chance of breaking the bottle or being drenched.



HERE'S a neat little set of barbecue tools for people addicted to such outdoor cooking. It's a three-piece set and stops usual wastage by just being more efficient than makeshift tools. For sticking things to see if they're done there is a fork, a regular flipper, like for flap-jacks, and a set of pick-ups. The pick-ups look like two spoons in an ice tong arrangement. They're good for picking up roast corn and stuff. The whole set is stainless steel and has maple handles.



ALL people who want to buy boats in a small way will be intrigued by this aluminum skiff. Twelve feet long, weighing 150 pounds, it is said to be non-sinkable. This unexpected feature is due to the fact that there are compartments in the bow and stern filled with Dowfoam. There, you see how simple it is to make a boat non-sinkable? Just put Dowfoam in your compartments. All of you know what Dowfoam is, of course, so there's no use explaining it. Everyone knows it's a buoyant plastic. Plastics again—filling our compartments this time. What corner of modern life will be untamped with plastics in two years' time. Who knows?

This stands for honorable.



service to our country.

Brighten the Corner

(Continued from page 9)

"good taste" in choosing his color scheme unfortunately had nothing to do with the realities of the situation. Any capable color engineer will be glad to show you that color harmony has little or nothing to do with individual "good taste", an extremely variable factor at best.

And that little detail, incidentally, may be good news for home owners. Color conditioning your home, or parts of it such as laundry, basement, hobby rooms, kitchen and so on, can be simple and practically fool-proof if it's based on industry's hard, fast, scientific rules. Recreation rooms, club and lodge rooms, will gain if they are decorated with an eye to realizing the maximum usefulness of color.

Did you ever try to compose a letter, sitting in your living room with all lights on, and find your eyes distracted by drapes, pictures and knick knacks of one kind and another? Chances are the letter took a longish time to write and didn't turn out so well, either. Does your

wife get cross out of all proportion on wash day? Maybe color conditioning could remove some of the drudgery from the laundry. Do parties in your game room die on their feet? Perhaps the color scheme lulls your guests to sleep instead of stimulating them. A restless audience may be the tip-off that the meeting room's colors make everyone want to dance. All of these situations call for a little amateur color engineering.

Whether for home, factory, office, store or club, however, the same basic color principles apply. They aren't new, of course, any more than the fact that color and light have a powerful influence on our senses is a new idea. Merchants of an experimental turn of mind learned years ago that colorful storefronts, interiors and displays improved business because their customers seemed to like to shop—and bought more goods—in more pleasant surroundings. Manufacturers too found that more attention to the pleasing color and

appearance of packages paid off in extra sales.

In the entertainment fields showmen always have placed heavy emphasis on colorfulness. Much of it is just gaudy; most of it is exciting. Rich red curtains and drapes are a tradition in the theater; what we've learned in the past few years is not that red is a stimulating color—theater people always have known that—but *why* certain colors stimulate or depress our conscious and subconscious minds.

Some colors seem to give us greater energy, quicken our muscular and mental powers; other colors give a feeling of relaxation, are calming and soothing. The effects of color upon the blood pressure—and upon the muscular and mental and nervous activity—are so plain they can be readily observed and measured. One scientist studied the effect of colored light upon muscular activity. In ordinary light this muscular activity was found to equal 23 units of measurement. It increased to 24 for blue lights, 28 for green, 30 for yellow, 35 for orange and 42 for red.

Each color, researchers tell us, has a definite association with some one thing in the human mind. Green, for example, is nature's "restful" color, the hue of woods and fields. Brown is warming and cheering; yellows and bright blues make us feel gay. Red, extremely stimulating, most often is associated with danger, a warning, and should be used, like a condiment, sparingly.

Some experts go so far as to insist that color is almost as important to our physical and mental well-being as the food we eat. They remind us that about 80 per cent of all impressions made on the brain come through the eyes. Hospital patients, for instance, benefit greatly during convalescence if they are in rooms decorated according to a definite color scheme. Here color is used as a specific, with certain colors used in certain areas to achieve predetermined results.

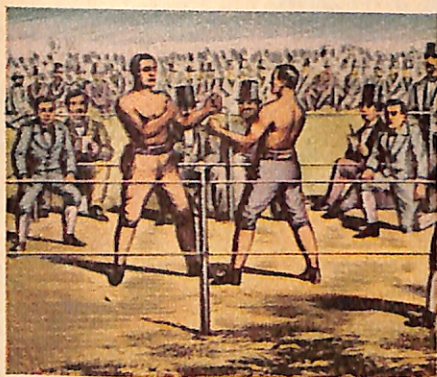
So well has this color-therapy worked out that it is standard in many hospitals today. Industrial color engineering uses the same techniques: application of the right colors in the right places for the purpose of securing definite, predetermined effects. And that includes making full use of color's tricks, too. Indeed, today's color science might almost be called camouflage in reverse, because it makes frequent use of simple optical illusions caused by color trickery.

In camouflage colors are used to obscure, mislead, distort or hide an object. Color engineering, on the other hand, uses color to reveal, to emphasize, to utilize. On a machine, for instance, color is used to separate moving parts from stationary parts, the material being worked upon from



"Why don't you spruce up a bit?"

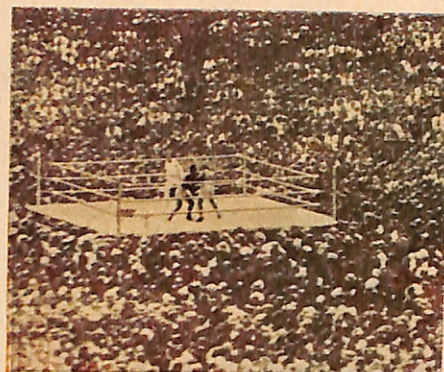
Ten seconds worth 3 million dollars



1865 You may soon be a fight fan again! From the day in 1865 when the Marquis of Queensbury's code succeeded the old London Prize Ring Rules (and when Corby's had been a respected Canadian whiskey name for seven years), boxing has never looked more promising...



1892 Looking back, the first heavy-weight title bout under Queensbury rules was in New Orleans, when Corby's reached its 34th year of Canadian fame. Boxing had begun its advance from 100 round bare-knuckle contests to something like the ring skill we see today...



1921 True boxing skill began to pay off with the first million-dollar gate in Jersey City in the year when Corby's became a 63 year-old Canadian tradition. The all-time attendance record is 120,757 for a Philadelphia match in the early fall of 1926 but...



1946 The greatest gates are yet to come. With champions earning three million dollars and more, the ring is assured top talent for now and later. When you would like to assure yourself some "top talent" refreshment, try Corby's in your favorite drink. Here is a light, sociable whiskey with a grand old Canadian name. You can enjoy rare good taste almost anytime you ask for Corby's in your bar or store.

PROJECTION TELEVISION INSTRUMENT BY GENERAL ELECTRIC



CORBY'S

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86 Proof—68.4% Grain Neutral Spirits—Jas. Barclay & Co., Limited, Peoria, Ill.



International Champion Afghan Hound... Rudiki of Prides Hill. Owner: Marion Florsheim

"Looks like the boss got himself a prize, too"

NICE thing about *this* prize is—anyone can walk off with it! You decide to treat yourself to a glorious Calvert highball, and the prize is yours!

Considering that Calvert is *the real*

thing in whiskey, that's a very nice state of affairs indeed. For this wonderfully rich, mellow blend is beyond imitation!

Here's why: We've blended more fine whiskey in our time than any other distiller

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... **It's the real thing!**

Clear Heads Choose **Calvert**



Calvert Distillers Corp., N. Y. C., BLENDED WHISKEY 86.8 Proof. "Reserve"—65% Grain Neutral Spirits... "Special"—72½% Grain Neutral Spirits

the tool working it. This is done by applying colors that give the illusion of coming forward—"focal" colors, among them ivory, buff, light green, blue, yellow, beige, orange, red, light gray—to critical or operating parts of the machine. At the same time "receding" colors that trick the eye into the illusion of distance (usually the complements of the focal colors) are used on non-critical parts. In this way operating safety is improved and worker-fatigue is sharply reduced.

Just how tiring constant straining to distinguish an object can become is something you can test for yourself: Hold out your arm and at the same time tense the muscles of fingers and forearm. Notice how quickly your arm grows weary. The same thing happens to a worker's eyes when the color of the material he is working on is too similar to the color of his machine. The extra effort required to differentiate between them is a potent source of eyestrain.

A complete color-engineering job takes into consideration many such factors and often becomes involved in process engineering and plant layout. For example, when the human eye has seen one color in excess it automatically compensates by seeing the complementary shade of that color when the glance shifts to a white surface. If you stare at a spot of bright red and then shift your gaze to a white surface, for a few seconds you see not white but green—the complement of red.

So a worker on red plastic, for instance, will of course see green momentarily when he shifts his gaze from his work to a white wall. The adjustment his eyes must make causes a short period of subconscious mental confusion and gradually may impair his efficiency. A color engineer, probably amused at the simplicity of this problem, likely enough would say, "Okay. So paint the wall green." He's right, it would work.

But what happens when the product is changed from red plastic to another material of a different color? Do plant layout and process engineers have to assign this part of the shop to the machining of red materials always? Probably not, for green is a generally restful wall color. On the other hand, maybe so. At any rate it's the color engineer's problem, not mine.

So it's easy to see how the color engineer's field of operations can grow to include much more than merely the most effective possible decoration of factories. Working with safety men, color experts have evolved specific safety colors for specific applications. One of the biggest paint companies, incidentally, has introduced for study a proposed new uniform safety color code for industry which uses orange instead of red as the warning-danger color. Justification for this break with tradition is plain and scientific: Since red is commonly used to indicate fire equipment it should not, this firm feels, at the same time be used to in-

dicate hazards. Furthermore, although only about 2 out of 100 people have poor color vision, color blindness usually involves the confusion of red and green—traditional "danger" and "safety" colors.

So orange is used as the new danger color to mark the insides of machinery guards and such dangerous moving parts as pulleys, gears and so forth. Yellow, with the highest visibility of any color under practically all lighting conditions, was chosen to indicate strike-against, tripping, stumbling or falling hazards—overhead obstructions, curbs, low beams, stairway approaches and stair risers, and the edges or loading platforms and unguarded open pits. Red is used solely to mark the location of fire protection equipment: hydrants, alarm stations; green is given the job of indicating first aid and safety equipment.

All these colors were selected, of course, for their best psychological impact. Thus blue, which tends subconsciously to lead the mind to deliberation, thoughtfulness, caution, is used to mark objects—valves, starting and stopping levers, switches and switch boxes—whose manipulation should be deliberate and careful. Finally, white and gray are used to brighten corners, to indicate traffic lanes, waste containers, storage areas, and so on.

There's no good reason why these safety principles can't be applied to your home. Paint the inside door-

frame of your garage with yellow or white stripes alternating with stripes of white or black and you'll avoid crumpled fenders. Mark thresholds with a contrasting color and notice how few toe-stubbings occur, for color acts upon your subconscious mind, remember; the odds are that even if you're not paying much attention to your footing your feet will automatically navigate such obstructions safely.

Yellow and black striped beams and low-hanging pipes in basement and attic will lessen the likelihood of clunking your head; give the top and bottom basement and attic stairs the same treatment. Mark the position of your household fire extinguishers with a square of red. Paint electric switches and outlets, the power line fuse box, hot water and steam connections and valves blue for caution. Last but not least, remember that household machines such as washer, ironer, tools, etc., should be treated as industry treats its machines.

Not long ago the Industrial Home for the Blind in Brooklyn completed two years of experiments with colors that would help the partially-blind to see. The plant, to a person of normal sight, is a veritable nightmare of garish brilliance. Most of the color is green; movable objects, stair rails, and so on, are bright orange. Scores of fluorescent lights make the shop sun-bright. The exciting news is just this: In this case the power of color is great enough to help the half-blind see!



Busted But Willing

(Continued from page 17)

loathsome to his manager, Mr. Johnny Ray. The last of these free fights on record was the one between Mr. Conn and his father-in-law, Mr. Jimmy Smith, in the kitchen of the latter's home. Fighting in private is bad enough to begin with, but Conn did not even have the sense, from the point of view of Mr. Ray and Mr. Jacobs, to fight in the living-room, which at least could seat ten customers. In an empty kitchen he broke his hand upon his father-in-law's venerable noggin and was out of action for months. Furthermore, according to Mr. Smith, he lost the decision, though this does not appear in the official boxscore.

I have a hunch that Louis is going to knock Conn out again, but I have a feeling too that it is going to be a pretty good fight, which many experts say is impossible. They argue that the boys will be slow and fat after four years in the armed forces—**heavy in their reactions even if the weights do not show it.** They forget that the most spectacular prizefight of the war period was one between a couple of characters named Tami Mauriello and Lee Oma, in which Oma wore a neckpiece of three matched chins and Mauriello carried a bulge below his right ribs which appeared to be the silhouette of an order of mashed potatoes.

The most violent heavyweight title fight since Dempsey-Firpo was one between Primo Carnera and Max Baer, who were suffering, respectively, from a slight case of pneumonia and a complete lack of training. The contestants were so short of wind and speed that they could not get out of each other's way, and every punch

landed. It was pretty to watch for the common people, if not for the students of form.

And the same point—that dramatic entertainment in sport does not depend on high skill—was illustrated for the last two years in big league baseball. Form was off anywhere from 50 to 75 per cent in those two final war seasons, but the clients got close runs for their money and their money turned up in quantities that showed they appreciated it.

About the time that Louis and Conn began to train seriously for the coming fight, moving pictures of their last meeting were shown to a group of critics, some of whom were misty in their memory of it and some of whom had not seen it at all. They decided more or less unanimously that the films showed Conn to have been leading on points at the moment when unconsciousness overtook him so abruptly. That is what the **films did show, but they had been cut by the hand of a deft propagandist.** Fight pictures can be made to show almost anything, and they are apt to be misleading even when they are undoctored. The same is true of radio broadcasts, blow-by-blow. I mind the time when Clement McCarthy, the horse expert, broadcast the fight between Louis and Tommy Farr. Louis won that one handily, remoulding Farr's face a little farther from the heart's desire, as Omar Khayyam would say, in the process, but that is not what the millions of listeners gathered from Uncle Clement's broadcast. Uncle Clement saw another fight entirely. Though present in the flesh, the fight he reported was something from his dreams, and

it caused the absent multitude to conclude that Farr had been robbed. He had been robbed of about two quarts of hemoglobin, but not otherwise.

These remarks are by way of preface to my own personal opinion that Louis was leading on points at the time he stopped Conn; that if the two have been equally affected by their wartime service, the same thing will happen again; and that it will happen sooner this time, since Louis, a specialist in encores, always cuts his man's hair very short the second time around. Conn, however, will have to be pushed, and hard. He is not the kind of fighter who falls by himself. In this respect it will be a worthy heavyweight title fight, much more so than the one, for instance, in which Mr. Jack Sharkey was dethroned by an invisible punch from Carnera. That was a blow so hard to detect that it still confuses Mr. Sharkey's admirers. A group of the latter was fanning one night during the recent war, in a hotel room in Algiers, when Mr. Sharkey, who was one of the party, dozed off and began to mumble in his sleep.

"Quiet!" said Mr. Lefty Gomez, his traveling mate, to the other speakers. "Maybe in this condition Sharkey will tell us what really happened in the Carnera fight."

"I heard that last crack," said Mr. Sharkey from the bed, his eyes suddenly coming open. "Looks like I will have to sleep somewhere else."

With these words he picked up the pillow and departed for regions where he could be safe with his secrets while unconscious.

The Pay-Off

(Continued from page 13)

hill back to the dugout, Joey Winter's eyes were gimlets, boring holes into his soul. The man was white, with mingled fear and anger, and Burke looked at him and it meant nothing, now.

The tenth went by without a break. Burke was afraid his arm would come off with every pitch, but he heaved that thing up there, somehow got the side out. He wondered how long he could go on.

He went out there for the eleventh, and now the thing was brutal punishment. He was conscious of every movement, every effort, and he fed Fortano a pitch that was much too good. The guy lined it to center for a triple, and Burke looked at him in disgust. He picked up the rosin bag and dried his fingers, and he pitched to Wilson and struck him out.

The Reds sent up a hitter for Duke, and Burke worked on him carefully.

The count went up to three and two, and Burke pulled the string on the last one. It went in there like a white blur, broke savagely, and the guy swung at it and missed. The crowd's voice was a monstrous thing, filling the park like the sound of a roaring surf. Burke could no longer feel the arm. It was as numb as the arm of a chair.

He heaved one in there to Seldin, and the guy hit down to short. Lorio made a beautiful stop and throw, and the inning was over.

Burke went in and he knew he was through. He sat on the bench and pain filled his right side. He prayed for a run. And Joe Ranson walked up there and Wilkes, new on the mound for the Reds, pitched to him. Ranson drove the first ball into the left field stands. It was all over.

For a moment the crowd was stunned and incredulous, silenced by

the abrupt, startling suddenness of the end. Then they almost tore the park apart. The Sox dugout went crazy, and they mauled Burke until he got into a corner to protect himself. He waited a little while, then went up the steps and started the walk to the clubhouse. Something made him turn his head.

The boxes in back of the dugout were emptying quickly, but one man sat there, unmoving. It was Joey Winter. His face was as white as paper and his eyes were staring straight ahead. There was murder in the line of his mouth.

The clubhouse was a noisy, milling riot, and Burke grinned at the shouts, sat in front of his locker and undressed slowly. He took as long as he could, enjoying the noisy sanctuary, the security of numbers. Here he was safe for a time, and he was reluctant to leave. He went into the

shower, and the hot water swiftly drove the pain from his body, and here it was quiet and he was forced to think.

He knew what would happen. Joey Winter was tough. In an affair like this, you made one mistake and that was all. You were never permitted to make another. Somewhere, this evening or tonight, he would meet Joey and Joey would have a gun, and that would be all.

Burke knew that, and he had no argument with the fact. He had always played for keeps, and in this instance he had known exactly what he'd been walking into. The people involved in this thing didn't waste their time in spoken regrets. They were specialists in finality, and no one would chide Burke, take him to task. Any talking that was to be done, Joey Winter would do with a gun.

But over the whole thing, coloring it and highlighting it, was the ball game. Perhaps he did not have long to remember, but even if Burke were to know many years, he would never forget this afternoon. For as long as his heart beat, there would remain in it an echo of the sympathetic roar of the crowd when he had bobbled that bunt in the sixth. Then he had known their regard for him, their admiration for his efforts.

Nor would he forget with what satisfaction he had used his skill and his strength, and his utter honesty which he had not fully known he possessed. He had not been aware that he could experience the emotions the afternoon had given him. Deep within himself he was thankful.

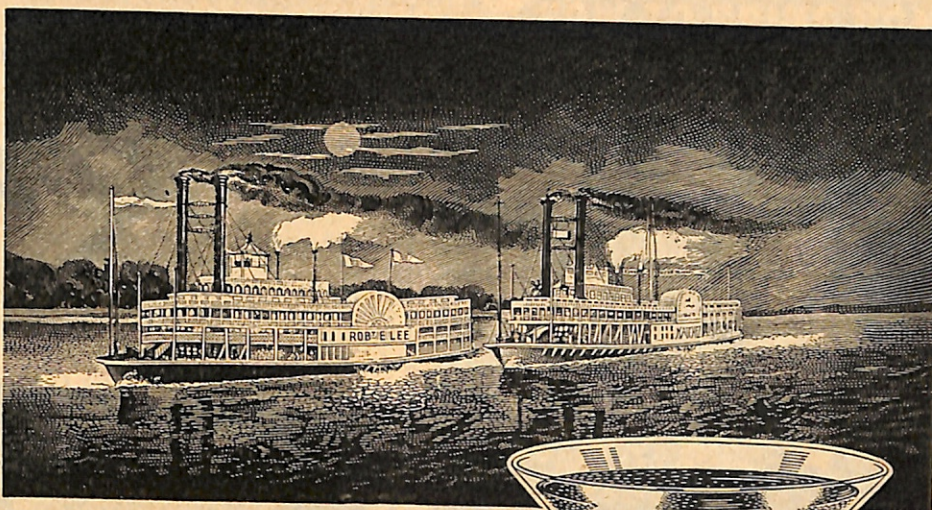
Two hours passed before he left the clubhouse. He wondered if he'd get it now, out on the street, or later in his room at the hotel. It would be either place, he was sure. He walked out into the soft twilight, almost expectantly, but nothing happened. He waved a cab, gave the hotel's address, leaned back in the seat.

The sky was colored softly but with a mounting grandeur, and he felt almost as if he'd never seen it before. Long, streaming cloud-banners stretched over the parting day, and the sun was a warm memory in the west. It had been the finest day he'd ever known, and there was in him a soft regret that it would end so violently.

At the hotel, he found a quiet corner in the bar, and the drinks were what he needed. He grinned at the pleasantries the bartender extended, but his thoughts were on that room, fifteen floors overhead. He knew what he would find there. Joey Winter, or one of his boys, and a gun with which you couldn't argue. He had made his one unpardonable mistake. He would pay for it the only way.

He ordered his third drink, and he nursed it. The level of the liquor lowered in the glass, and Burke watched it with reluctant eyes. He thought of how his room looked as you opened the door and walked in,

(Continued on page 51)



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Daiquiri?



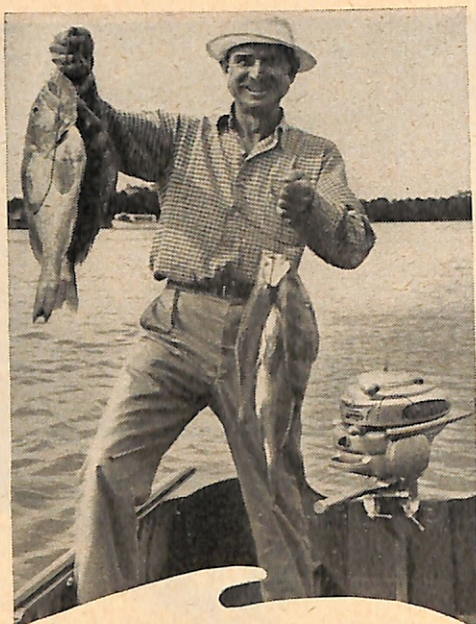
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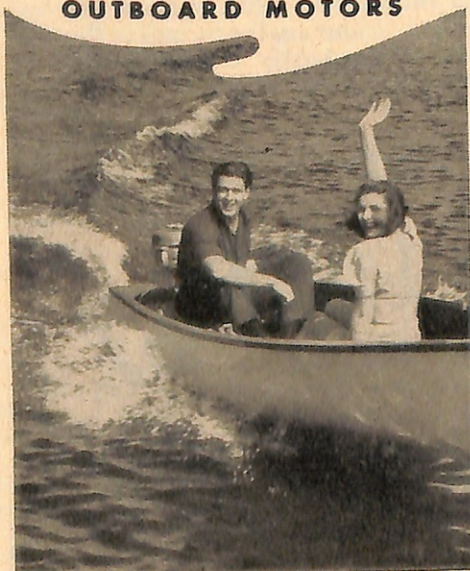
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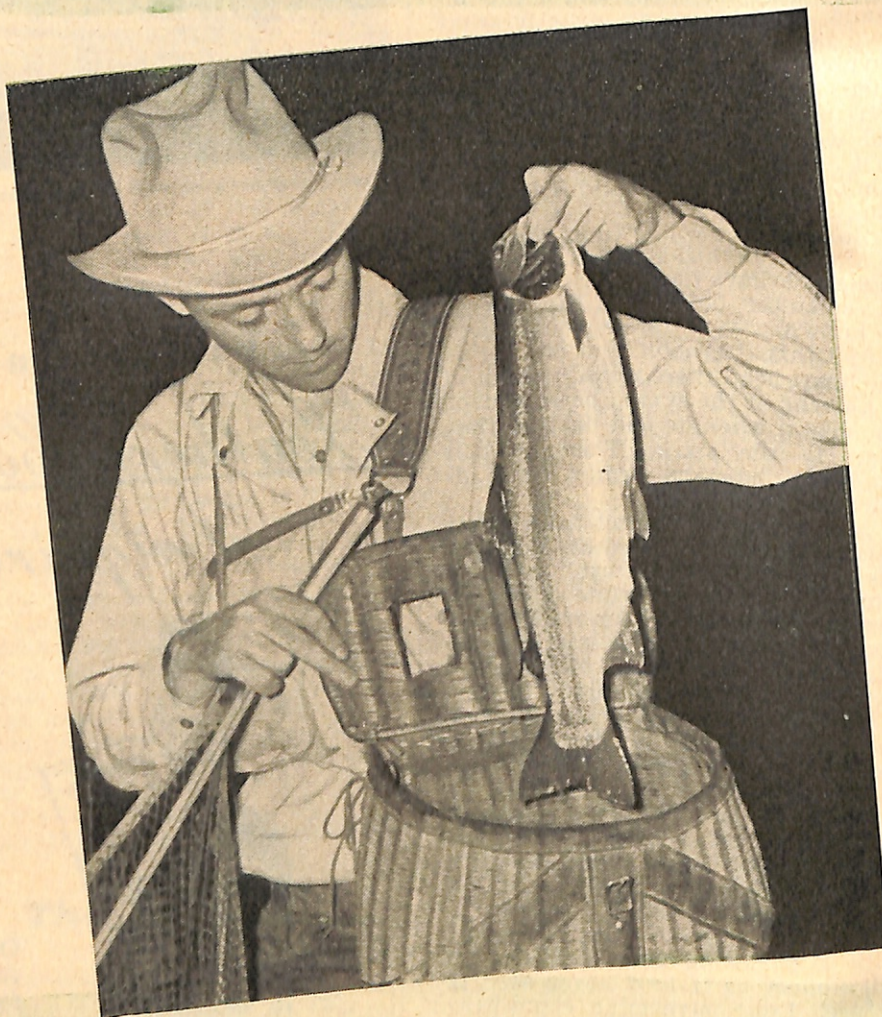


EVINRUDE

OUTBOARD MOTORS



Rod AND Gun



By Ted Trueblood

A proposal of importance to veterans interested in conservation

FOR many years the hunting and fishing pressure in the United States increased steadily until, just before the war, many conservation officials were frank to admit that they didn't know whether they could keep pace with the ever-growing demands for more fish and more game. Most of them, and most sportsmen as well, looked forward to the war years as a sort of breathing spell during which the game would have

Above is the author who obviously doesn't get his fish in a store—

a chance to repopulate its covers and fish would multiply in the streams and lakes. Glowing predictions of better hunting and fishing "after the war" were freely bandied about. Nobody thought there would be many sportsmen afield during the war because of the number of men in the armed forces, as well as gasoline rationing and other restrictions.

Actually there was little decrease in pressure during the war, as evidenced by the fact that the sale of duck stamps reached a new high of 1,540,468 for the period of July 1 to December 31, 1945, and more than 16,000,000 hunting and fishing licenses were bought in the 48 states last year.

During the war the conservation departments of the various states suffered from a shortage of trained help, labor and materials. The past two Springs were unfavorable for reproduction of upland birds in many states, there was an increase of predators, particularly foxes, in many areas, and the waterfowl population dropped sharply during the past two seasons. The final result was that, instead of the rosy picture confidently promised our fighting men while they still were overseas, they have come home to discover that the hunting and fishing scene isn't as good as it was when they left, and that a lot of worried conservation officials don't know exactly which way to turn to improve it.

A further alarming note is brought in by the discovery of research workers in some of the states that many of our previous concepts of fish stocking may have been in error, and that instead of improving fishing, much of our conservation money spent for stocking streams and lakes has been wasted. Michigan, for example, discovered that in the majority of her streams suitable for trout, natural reproduction would furnish all the fish the stream could support, and that trout reared to legal size and then planted actually cost 80 cents apiece for rainbows and \$1.60 each for browns by the time they were in an angler's creel—a figure obviously impossible to meet with a license costing only \$1.

TO INCREASE the difficulty of the problem, there is the expected increase in the number of hunters and fishermen during the next few years. Estimates of this have ranged from 20 to 50 per cent and are based on experience following the first World War when the number of license-buying sportsmen increased greatly.

Many proposals have been advanced to remedy the situation. These range all the way from "kill the foxes" to "the states should buy and maintain public shooting and fishing

grounds". Each suggestion offered in good faith contains a certain amount of merit, although many of them are poorly considered and impractical, either because they would solve only part of the problem or because they are too expensive to be possible with the funds currently available from sportsmen's licenses. You can't, for example, raise a dozen pheasants costing a dollar apiece for a sportsman who pays only \$2 for the privilege of killing them. It just doesn't make sense.

AT THIS point, in view of what I am going to propose, I want to digress to state that I firmly believe in the American system of free hunting and fishing. I never will subscribe to the European system in which the game is privately owned and there is no sport with rod and gun for the average man who doesn't own an estate or a section of a trout stream. Our democratic method is best, and the only one under which anybody can pick up his gun and go hunting. I would stick to our way, even if hunting were so poor one could get his name in the local paper by killing a rabbit, rather than have an abundance of game—on estates owned by a few wealthy individuals.

The current scarcity of game and fish and the impending increase of hunting and fishing present a grave problem, but at the same time they offer a grand opportunity to thousands of young men who are interested in conservation work. The most obvious chance to follow this line is with one of the 48 state conservation departments or the United States Fish and Wildlife Service. Game and fish work employed 7,900 persons in 1942, according to Dr. Gustav Swanson who is in charge of cooperative wildlife research for the Fish and Wildlife Service. This number will increase rapidly during the postwar years.

A bright spot in the picture for the returning serviceman is that while only about 10 per cent of these 7,900

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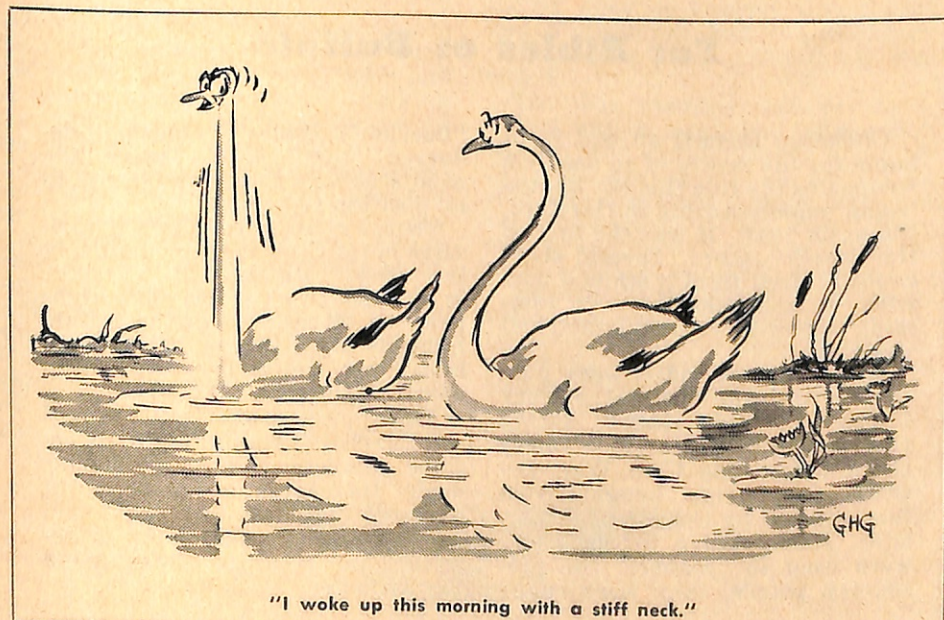
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ALLEN'S FOOT-EASE

employees had technical training equivalent to graduation from college in 1942, this percentage will rise rapidly in the future. Most veterans are eligible, under the G.I. Bill of Rights, to receive training in a professional field, and there are now more than 30 state-supported colleges and universities which offer special courses in the field of wildlife conservation. Thus the veteran definitely has the edge on getting into this work for one of the states or the federal Government.

An even brighter prospect for the veteran who likes the out-of-doors and wants to make a career of fish and game work is the present golden opportunity for self-employment in this line. As pointed out previously, the state conservation departments, operating under their present handicaps, have been unable to meet the increased demand for better hunting and fishing, even during the war and they will fall farther behind during the next half-decade before their programs begin to pay off.

Here is an opportunity as big as all outdoors and as clear as day for the veteran who wants to make a living outside the confines of an office, who wants to take orders from no man, and who is willing to see his income limited only by his own ability and the effort he is willing to put into his business. (Editor's Note: If you are not a veteran, why not pass this article along to one who might be interested?)

There is a need right now—and it will continue to grow—for privately owned places where the average sportsman of moderate means and limited time can pay for the privilege of hunting and fishing. Not only will sportsmen pay for shooting pheasants or rabbits and for catching bass or trout, but the development of game farms will help to ease the burden on public hunting and assist

in relieving the conservation problem.

Game farming of this type is untried. It is a new field and, consequently a young man's field. There will be many difficulties to surmount, but its possibilities are virtually unlimited. There is the sale of hunting privileges to sportsmen, the sale of fishing rights, the sale of game to hotels and restaurants (the current price in the New York area is \$5 per pheasant and the demand is far greater than the supply), the sale of fish to the same markets, and the sale of fur from muskrats raised in marshes which may be adjacent to a bass lake.

Fur farming alone offers almost unlimited opportunities, and this field has been well explored. A man interested in this work can obtain low-cost marshland, pay low taxes, and, with proper management, produce a large crop of muskrats at very little expense. The necessary technique for raising them under natural or semi-wild conditions already has been demonstrated by extensive work in Canada and in a number of waterfowl refuges in the United States.

I would not advise anyone to leap blindly into fur farming even though the pioneering already has been done. With the training available to ex-servicemen, however, they have a decided edge on civilians in entering this field. In light of what already has been discovered it can be considered a relatively certain source of income and should work nicely in conjunction with game and fish farming. It would give the man pioneering in these fields a livelihood while he experiments. Even selling bait to fishermen can develop into a business of surprising magnitude in the right location. One more source of income.

One might logically ask where this opportunity exists. The answer is that it exists near every city in the United States where the sportsmen

FAME IN A NAME

By Fairfax Downey

For Bibles or Buffalo

Christian seemed an odd front name for the maker of so deadly a weapon as the rifle this Mr. Sharps began manufacturing in Hartford, Conn., in 1848. It was the first of the breech-loaders. Several shots could be fired from it while a man with a muzzle-loader was ramming in powder charge, bullet, and wadding.

Many Sharps rifles were purchased to arm the anti-slavery forces in Bloody Kansas during the struggle which took place there before the Civil War. Because they were bought from funds raised by the eloquent minister, Henry Ward Beecher, and were used to "convert" the pro-slavery people, they were called

"Beecher's Bibles". One well-delivered "text" would leave the most stubborn slavery advocate in no position to argue.

Sharps rifles were prized by soldiers in the Civil War, particularly the model which had a coffee grinder set in its stock. The high-powered .52 calibre was the buffalo hunter's favorite gun; it laid millions low, rendering the bison nearly extinct.

Though rifle teams long favored the Sharps, it was allowed to become obsolete and is no longer made. Its originator's name might be forgotten if it had not found its way into the dictionary to describe an accurate rifleman—a sharpshooter.

think hunting and fishing should be better—and sportsmen virtually everywhere are quick to make that statement. Obviously, you wouldn't raise pheasants in South Dakota where there are 15,000,000 wild birds. But you probably could build up a profitable business near any of the larger towns there with a combination muskrat marsh and bass lake. And in many areas where the fishing is extra good, you could make a very nice thing of raising minnows for bait (guinea pigs aren't in it with minnows), in conjunction with pheasants or muskrats.

Fish ponds are springing up all over the country, but there is room for thousands more in regions where public fishing is too limited to fill the demand. Once built and properly stocked, it is virtually impossible to fish out a well-managed pond containing large-mouth bass and bluegillsun-fish. In fact, most ponds suffer more from under- than from over-fishing.

It should easily be possible to create a business with a year-round income. With fishing in the Spring and summer, hunting in the Fall, muskrat pelts to market in the winter and a year-round demand for pheasants on the market, there need be no lean months on a well-managed game and fish farm.

It is obvious that all these ventures would require considerable land and

that land costs money. That is true, but fortunately, even though fertile soil may raise the most game, you don't need expensive crop land to make a credible showing in game farming, and many a valueless lowland gully can be turned into a productive fish pond by the erection of an inexpensive earth dam.

The toughest obstacle for many veterans who may wish to try this field will be the one of raising sufficient capital. They would have to solve this poser in any business they might choose to establish, however, and it should be no harder to procure backing here than in any other legitimate venture. As a matter of fact, less capital is required than in many fields offering comparable returns, and a man well-qualified to make a success, by training now available, should have no trouble on this score.

There is one nice thing about this business which is unique. The average fisherman or hunter will pay more for harvesting his fish or game himself than he would fork over to get it on the market. By way of comparison, a farmer would have a lot of trouble trying to sell his potatoes in the field. The game or fish farmer, however, can say to his customers, "All right boys, hop to it." And the sportsmen will work like dogs harvesting the crop the game farmer has enjoyed raising!

If you will write to our Reader Service Dept., they will tell you where you can procure a free Government booklet on game-bird-raising.

The Pay-Off

(Continued from page 47)

and he wondered just where Joey would be standing.

He finished the drink and thought of ordering another, but that was foolish, for one more drink would change nothing. Joey was waiting for him and would not be avoided, and delay was just a little stupid.

Burke paid for his drinks and pocketed the change, and walked into the lobby on legs which were curiously light. Someone said hello and he nodded, but he was thinking ahead to the moment when he opened the door of his room.

He was fifteen feet from the elevator when the thought hit him, and his stride faltered, but just for a moment. Hope was a high and distant wind, but the sound of it was in his soul.

Maybe Joey wouldn't be in the room. Maybe he had a chance, an outside chance. There was a way in which his sentence could be commuted. Winter had been dealing in thunder; with men bigger and even more

ruthless than himself. They too permitted no mistakes, and the execution of their anger was swift and deadly. If they had dealt with Joey Winter in this intervening time, Burke had a life to live.

He stepped into the elevator, his mind filled with the new thought. Either Joey or himself would pay, and if discipline had touched Joey during these hours, the thing was ended.

The boy running the car said, "That was a swell ball game, Mr. Burke," and Burke grinned and nodded. "It worked out all right," he said, and wondered if those were the correct words. If his room were empty, and he walked into the bathroom and saw no one there. . . .

He tried to remember the room in detail, just which corner, as you entered, was hidden from view. He wondered just what he'd see when he switched on the lights. He lit a cigarette hurriedly, and the elevator slid noiselessly up the shaft.

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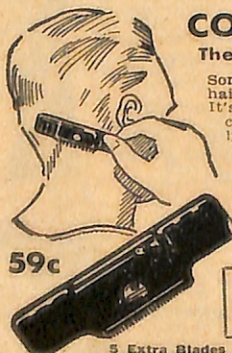
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In the DOGHOUSE

with Ed Faust



The do's and don't's for ailing dogs

BEING safely barricaded behind my typewriter I ask, do women ever get laryngitis? It may be just one man's experience but so help me I never heard of anyone other than men—and some few children—ever afflicted with it. No, my Brothers, there ain't no justice. I bring this to our round table this month because I'm fresh—all right, lady, get sarcastic—from an attack of that malady which for two days left me completely speechless. But I found a silver lining to the Faust throat—two such linings. One marked the only two days in my life wherein I remained entirely out of trouble, and the other showed me the surest way and the least offensive way to discourage some few amiable, time-taking chatterboxes among my acquaintances. It's sure-fire—and the information is yours and I'm not charging a nickel for it. Try it if you must, and I hardly need say that you don't have to go around looking for a real attack—just pretend; you probably won't get much sympathy but the unwanted among your circle will avoid you like wet paint.

For some reason or other dogs never seem to get the human equivalent of laryngitis. They do get various kinds of throat ailments and colds and hoarseness which is one but only one reason why any dog which is a house pet should be kept out of drafts and away from dampness. As a rule Fido seems insensible to drafts. If he feels chilly he simply hunches a bit closer, pokes his nose farther under his legs or stomach and lets it go at that. Which is just where Old Man Draft gets in his innings

on our four-legged friend, and is just where that rascal distemper is suspected of paying his first visit. As this is going to be a sermon on the dog's throat, mouth, nose, eyes and ears we'll begin with the throat by noting that the dog's vocal cords are pretty much like those of human beings. As you may have read at some time various claims have been made for talking dogs. Whether you elect to believe these or not is something else again. For my part I have seen statements, allegedly made by individuals of repute, that they heard dogs use human words. Again for my part, I'd hate to have such a dog around me with my habits as they are. Now there does come a time in the lives of most dogs when a cold will make its appearance. This is not necessarily respiratory but usually confined to the head. The nose gets much wetter, Fido sneezes and in further stages the nostrils may close up, making breathing difficult. This is particularly pronounced with the short-nosed breeds such as the bulldog, Boston terrier, boxer, etc. Those kinds have enough schnozzle trouble as it is—not all of them but enough to make it almost characteristic of the breeds—their noses being really deformed. At such head-cold time scenting powers for the dog may dwindle to zero but the trouble may last from just a few days to as much as four or five weeks. Earlier, I mentioned the chief causes, but added to these are such things as failure to dry the dog thoroughly after a bath or after exposure to rain, close clipping in cold weather, wrong

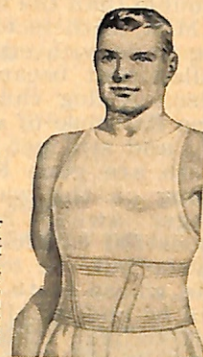
food (not very often), internal parasites and similar critters in the dog's nose. Neglected, this can turn into pneumonia and if it does and if your vet is a sporting man, he'll very likely lay you eight to five against your pup's chances of recovering. If your dog gets any of the symptoms here described and the trouble doesn't clear up shortly then you'd best take its temperature which you can do with the usual thermometer used for this purpose and sold by any drug store. With Fido the test has to be made rectally of course and the dog must then be tied down. With a severe cold and a temperature of $103\frac{1}{2}$ you can expect real trouble if it continues over a twenty-four-hour period. A fever of 105 is serious and may indicate distemper or even pneumonia. At 107 there is usually small hope for the dog. At such time your dog should be kept in a dry and draftless place with a room temperature of about 65. Nostrils should be sprayed with a solution of $\frac{1}{4}$ teaspoonful of common salt dissolved in $\frac{1}{2}$ pint of warm water that has previously been boiled. Nose should be dried with a soft cloth, very soft dry sponge, cotton or Kleenex and zinc ointment or vaseline should then be applied. The nostrils should be kept open. When the dog is taken outside for exercise it should be kept moving at all times. A cold in throat or chest—and you can pretty well guess the location by the quality of the cough—can be doctored by any mild human cough medicine but do not attempt to give anything left over from a previous doctor's prescription as that might have called for a remedy for a much more complicated condition. If possible, a respiratory exhilarator can be used to ease the dog's breathing and clear clogged passages. This can be

employed by using a vapor lamp or electric stove placed under a pan of water containing pine tar, comphor or other products used for such purpose. Another mean customer is asthma, seldom the cause of death but easily becoming chronic. About the only things you can do is to keep the dog warm and dry in dust-free rooms. A commercial dog tonic obtained at your drug store will help, as will a similar cough expectorant. I should have added earlier that the normal temperature for Fido is about $100\frac{1}{2}$. It is best to take this before the dog is fed and the thermometer should be allowed to remain in the pup for a trifle more than a full minute with temperature taken three times a day.

IN THE business of teeth dogs are pretty much like their owners: they get two sets, baby teeth and those which stay with them until—well, until, in the case of the dog, old age. At about four weeks the pups' milk teeth begin to break through the gums and that is just about the time when Momma Dog decides that those puppy teeth are going to be too sharp for much more nursing and shortly thereafter the puppy finds itself tossed out into the cold world or, we hope, on to the hands of a kind owner who takes over the job of dietician. Along about four months those little teeth begin to drop out and what happens to them is a mystery to many who raise pups; either the youngster swallows them or—well, they just disappear. At about six months our junior dog gets his grown-up grinders.

When the pup is teething it is a painful time and the youngster may cry a bit just as would a human baby. Ears are likely to drop down, both, or perhaps only one. But for

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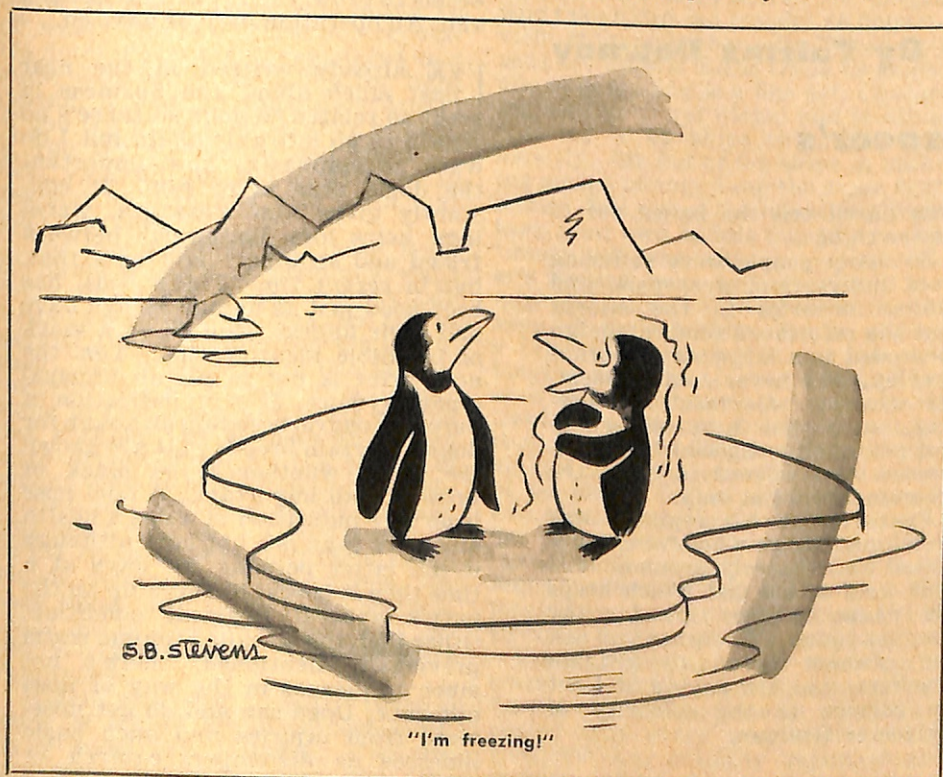
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those breeds that commonly have erect ears as adults, the pups' ears will stand erect again but it may be as late as the tenth month. If you have a pup that is going through this trying period you can help by pulling those teeth that are very loose. The full set for a grown dog consists of 42 teeth—20 upper—22 lower. For some reason the females of the species seem to go through this teething business with less trouble than the males.

Milk teeth incidentally have nothing to do with milk other than being called that because of their whiteness. A dog can lose its eyesight, lose its sense of scent, lose its hearing and still get along but once its teeth are gone Fido isn't far from being on the way out. Some may linger awhile subsisting on soft foods fed carefully by an indulgent owner but the toothless dog or the one whose teeth are badly decayed can be and usually is, a most miserable animal. This is why tooth care is so highly important. Accumulation of tartar should be scraped away from the teeth and the dog should have its own toothbrush—a soft-bristled affair. Teeth should be cleaned every so often with powdered charcoal or any mild dentifrice. When scraping tartar a full-bladed knife or similar instrument should be used. It will help if the pup is given an occasional large bone, raw or cooked, to gnaw. Give the kind that can't easily be splintered and never give chicken, chop, steak or rabbit bones. These are dangerous as they are easily splintered and such splinters swallowed can pierce the stomach or intestines with fatal results. Large, hard dog biscuits are also good because they not only help, as do the bones, to polish the teeth

and keep them clean but if the pieces are swallowed they'll do no harm at all, as all those advertised are fine foods for grown dogs or pups. As with human beings, the dog's front teeth are the sharp, pointed, tearing kind while the rear teeth are the molars for grinding food. Actually, however—and I hope this allays the fears of some whose dogs do this—the dog seldom chews its food but bolts it whole. This is nothing to be concerned about as our four-legged friend's digestion and food grinding largely takes place in its stomach and small intestines. It is calculated that about seventeen hours are required for complete digestion for the grown dog. Tooth decay does not often attack dogs but when it does it is more often the result of a continued soft food diet or a great overfeeding of sweets. Should this happen it usually is seen when the dog is old and at that time may cause plenty of pain for the animal although there are some people who assert that dogs do not get toothache. How they know this is just as mysterious to me as the reason why women wear furs in the summer time. But if I had a pooch that owned such a tooth, to be on the safe side for the dog's sake I'd have it pulled out by my vet which is a job that any competent vet can do easily.

Now your dog's tongue isn't all important to him as are his teeth but there are a few things that dog owners should know relating to it. It isn't as rough as that of other animals and it's Fido's main means of perspiring which is why he'll stick it out and pant when the thermometer begins to climb. In this way he's getting rid of excess moisture and cooling the surface of the tongue.

In all dogs the tongue should be pink with the exception of the chow chow for whom a black tongue and mouth are decreed. Three principal uses of the tongue are picking up food—although it could do this with its lips; drinking, and as an antiseptic for licking cuts and wounds it may acquire.

One of the most devastating dog diseases is black tongue prevalent mostly in the South. It's really dog typhus. It inflames the mouth, stomach and intestines and many dogs that get it die between a day to two weeks after becoming sick. It strikes dogs of any age but is more likely to hit the older dog. It is said to be caused largely by protein deficiency in lack of feeding lean meat or milk in sufficient quantities. It begins with ulcers in the mouth, a very dark color of the tongue which may appear shrunken or dry. It makes the lips and gums sore and affects the membranes of the eyes. Don't try home remedies of any kind if you suspect your dog of having this dreadful malady. Get that pooch to a good vet as quickly as you can if you value your dog. Stuttgart disease can also affect dogs and is more the canine typhus. Tip of the tongue becomes yellow, seemingly gangrenous and sloughs off, and blood appears in the dog's oral ejections. There's a shady little character called the tongue worm which really is not a worm but a tiny parasite similar to the tick group and does not really infest Fido's tongue but lives in his schnozzle and causes a sudden explosion of violent sneezing and loud snoring. There's no known sure cure but spraying the inside of the nostrils with a weak solution of permanganate of potash may help. If the trouble ever visits your dog and seems to grow, then your best bet is a vet. An operation may be advised.

FAME IN A NAME

By Fairfax Downey

At Your Grocer's

No such crackpot reformer as this minister had come along the pike in years, many Americans were declaring in the 1830's. Of course a parson was expected to try to improve morals, but this one was all excited about health which he should have left to the doctors.

He was a temperance advocate. He proclaimed that the average American not only drank like a fish but he ate like a horse; that he ate too much, too fast and the wrong foods. "Downright gluttony" killed about 100,000 Americans a year, he believed—twice as many as alcoholism. Lecturing and writing busily, he advised his countrymen that they ought to ventilate their bedrooms at night and take more than one bath a month—three a week, in fact. He

even dared tell the ladies not to lace so tight.

So many people were suffering from indigestion, dyspepsia, and similar miseries in the midriff that the reformer's food campaign succeeded in a large way. Horace Greeley, who never could remember when it was mealtime anyway, supported him editorially and personally. Special boarding-houses were opened to serve the recommended diet only.

Featured on his regimen was bread made from whole wheat, unbolted and coarsely ground. It is that item of his diet which keeps his name on the tip of many tongues today. Whenever you ask for graham bread or graham crackers, you are paying at least lip service to the celebrity of Sylvester Graham.

I've already written in the near past much about the business of scent as related to dogs so there's no reason to go into this again but I do want to emphasize how important the dog's nose is to him. It constantly gives him messages, warnings, helps him distinguish between friend and stranger. Not only that, but in recent time Fido's beak has been used just as human beings have had their fingers printed, as a mark of infallible identification. Yes, the nose print is not at all an unusual stunt anymore. It is no indication of pure or mongrel breeding although for dogs of certain breeds that are shown the color, whether it be black or brown, is all-important. A cold nose is no sure indication of a dog's health any more than is a hot nose although if the latter persists for days at a time then it is best to check up on the pup's general physical condition. Other than the so-called tongue worm previously mentioned, there's not much to discuss in the way of nose ailments. Dogs can and do get nose-bleed from injuries and such basic illnesses as distemper, catarrh or

from the lungs. If from injuries, the blood will be bright red. From other causes it will be diluted with yellow matter. The dog's head should be held down to keep blood from entering throat, which might result in pneumonia. Nostrils should be sprayed with ice water and the dog kept very quiet. Cold water should be applied to muzzle and top and back of head. If bleeding doesn't stop—then take the dog to your vet.

In a subsequent article I'll tell about your dogs' eyes, ears and other important, sometimes vulnerable parts of its body. And I have an idea this will be in your August issue because, if your Editor agrees, I'd like to take up the subject of what to do about your dog come vacation time in your next (July) issue of *The Elks Magazine*.

Until then—have fun. You and—your dog.



"How to Know and Care for Your Dog" is the title of Edward Faust's booklet, published by the Kennel Department of *The Elks Magazine*. One canine authority says, "It is the most readable and understandable of all the books on this subject." This beautifully printed, well-illustrated, 48-page book covers such subjects as feeding, bathing, common illnesses, training and tricks, the mongrel versus the pedigree, popular breeds, etc. It costs only 25c. Send for your copy NOW. Address The Elks Magazine—50 E. 42nd St., New York 17.

Is There a Detective in the House?

(Continued from page 38)

was over a settlement of more than \$2,000,000 was made by Procter and Gamble to Lever Brothers. That quarter-of-a-century-old cake of soap was the most precious in history.

As dull as any angle of the detective business is that of the hotel dick, or "house officer" as soft-speaking hotel managers call him. This character flat-foots it around the hotel lobby looking over the traffic, trying to spot anyone who might be off base. You're off base in a reputable hotel if you aren't registered as a guest and using the lobby for light dozing, if you get impolitely drunk, if you try wolfing on strange women, if you try to cash a bad check or beat your bill, or if you attempt to register as man and wife when that isn't the case.

The boy-meets-girl, angle of hotel detection is less a problem now when there aren't any rooms for anybody without advance reservations. But in normal times it calls for some delicacy. The house dick in one famous hostelry claimed that if a couple came in the lobby with arms around one another the chances that they were driven more by the pangs of amour than lack of sleep were roughly 1000 to 1. Married people, he said, just don't do that. A signal from him to the room clerk turned them away. House detectives aren't prudes, but they know nothing keeps respectable trade away from a hotel more effectively than a few cracks about its reputation.

Hotels are prey to petty thieves, some of whom are slick customers. They make two mistakes. They use the same technique over and over

again, and they always return to a hotel where they have once been successful. Joe Smith, house dick of the old Waldorf, was so convinced of this latter theory that he once kept a vigil every night for six weeks on a fire escape where a thief had made a successful entry. He got his man.

ONE of the big jobs of private detectives is to search for people who take a run-out powder on department store and other bills. These citizens are known in the trade as skips, and skip tracing is a fine art. Changing a name is not illegal and is often resorted to by skips to cover their identity. Six out of ten skips in making such a change keep the same first name. Two out of the remaining four keep their own middle name. Around twenty per cent will use their mother's maiden name and others will retain the initial of their surname or keep all their initials. Or, in giving a false name, they will use one belonging to a relative or a friend or even to a town where they have once lived. Foreigners freely translate their names to English equivalents and go on from there. This tendency of people to follow a pattern is of enormous help to a detective endeavoring to trace them. A man who changes his name from Arnold Jay Smith to Arnold Jay Jones may be located much more readily than if he switches to Henry P. Dinglepuss.

Daniel Eisenberg, ace New York tracer of skips, once conducted a survey on missing persons which revealed that every year more than 1,000,000 are officially reported as missing, voluntarily or involuntarily,

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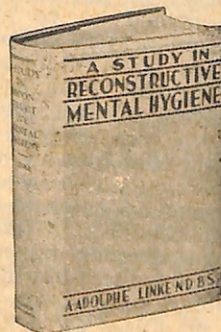
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including skips. Three months after the close of the year under review 42% had been found by police, private detectives or boy scouts; 22% had returned of their own free will, and one out of three had not been discovered. The proportion of people disappearing was seven males to four females. Mr. Eisenberg reports that about one-half of these disappearing were skips and other racketeers, and the balance were apparently just ordinary people, 130,000 of whom were bored husbands. While police searched for around 35% of the missing, private detectives were responsible for any search for the balance of nearly 700,000.

According to Eisenberg, for a person to disappear successfully in the face of determined search is virtually impossible. In addition to altering the usual means of identity such as general appearance, they must also change their habits, appetites and hobbies. Detectives conducting a wide search for one man were advised, along with numerous other data, that he often patronized Chinese restaurants to dine on a favorite dish, pork tenderloin, which he spiked liberally with chili sauce. It was the unusual use of chili sauce which enabled detectives to identify him and pick him up.

Another man fed up with life at home disappeared in 1933. He was interested in horticulture and especially in plum trees. Nothing was learned about him for four years and then a horticulture magazine received and published an anonymous article on plum tree culture. Later other pieces were received, also unidentified as to author and mailed from widely separated towns. But they were about plum trees. It was the first lead detectives had been given. A descriptive circular on the man was prepared emphasizing the fact that he was intermittently doing horticulture research and might request books on the subject from public libraries. A librarian was reading the circular when the man sought, approached her desk and asked for some volumes on viticulture.

What often leads to the discovery of a person missing voluntarily is the time on their hands. Fearful of making acquaintances who might learn their identity, they spend endless hours with nothing to do but read, play the radio or go to the movies. For people of average physical and mental vigor such a life becomes intolerable. Sooner or later they come out of their shell. When they do they almost invariably revert to habits or activities which belong to their past. At that point they become vulnerable.

Eisenberg believes that people carry on a determined search only for those they love or hate. One of the most poignant of the thousands of cases he has solved concerned the disappearance of a young bride. Their honeymoon hotel caught fire and both husband and wife were burned, she severely. When she recovered sufficiently to get out of her hospital bed and move about, she dressed and slipped out one night, her face and parts of her body, still swathed in bandages. For twenty years thereafter the distraught husband conducted an intermittent search. But he had given up all real hope of finding her when he heard of Eisenberg. He could provide no motive for the disappearance, only a photograph of his bride and the fact, among others, that she had been able to make her own clothes. Eisenberg found her working as a seamstress in a dress factory, her face horribly scarred from the fire. She had wanted her husband to remember her as a lovely and unblemished bride.

A man and a girl met one another, fell in love and were married. Neither knew much about the other and neither cared. They were completely happy. Then one day the wife disappeared leaving no trace. The only clue supplied by neighbors was that every few weeks a man came to collect a small sum on an insurance policy. This was news to the husband. The arrival of the insurance agent was waited out, the policy was checked and the beneficiaries discovered to be a couple, unknown to the husband, who lived in the deep

South. Investigation revealed that they were Negroes. Through them the wife was located. She was their daughter and her white skin from a Caucasian forbear completely disguised her race. She had discovered that she was going to have a baby and knowing that this would certainly betray her, she fled from the man she loved.

Among the private detectives must be included the pulp magazines which publish detective fiction and include descriptions of men wanted for various crimes. The publication of his picture in one of these magazines resulted in the capture of Robert Irwin who brutally murdered the artist's model, Veronica Gedeon, her mother and a roomer who lived with them. Another captured by the same means was the notorious Pretty Boy Floyd who posed as a tramp but pulled out a huge roll of bills to pay for a meal provided him by a 74-year-old detective-fiction-reading Ohio farmer. Floyd (Killer) Burke who was wanted for the wholesale murders committed in Chicago on that cold and tragic St. Valentine's Day was identified by a reader years later. Burke had gone into hiding by working on a farm, and had so ingratiated himself that he married the farmer's daughter. He was well on the way to acquiring a local reputation for respectability when somebody recognized him and tipped off the police. In eight years these magazines turned up 200 badly wanted criminals.

The war caused a boom in the detective business, as in most others. The F.B.I. and other police agencies lacked the personnel to guard the innumerable war plants which might have been a target for sabotage. Much of this work fell to the private agencies whose facilities were severely overtaxed. In addition, many large corporations which formerly had built up their own guard departments couldn't find the manpower during the war and they renewed their old agency contracts.

But except for the war spurt, the number of detective agencies is steadily diminishing. Twenty-five years ago there were probably 1,000 such agencies in New York State alone but today the number is nearer 350. Strict New York licensing regulations, involving a \$200 fee and a \$10,000 bond, have driven out the shysters and left the field to those of some competence. This countrywide trend, coupled with the fact that the F.B.I. is steadily extending its scope (they now investigate all bank robberies, for example) will make the business pretty difficult for any but the most competent to crack. But the end of wars is characterized by an increase in crime and rackets, a trend already evident as an aftermath of World War II. There will be plenty of opportunity for a young Burns or Pinkerton or Schindler to show his stuff. If one or two of them turn up they can look forward to a life that is neither glamorous nor unprosperous, but one which will make them the envy of all small boys.

FAME IN A NAME

By Fairfax Downey

Won by a Whisker

At West Point he had graduated high in his class but, deciding not to remain in the Army, he resigned. However, at the start of the Civil War he returned to the service and organized and ably commanded a crack Rhode Island regiment. He rose in the chain of command until President Lincoln appointed him to head the Army of the Potomac. But like other pre-Grant Union generals, victory eluded him.

After the war he was elected

governor of Rhode Island and twice to the U. S. Senate. By a quirk of fate his name is remembered more for his whiskers than his achievements. While he shaved his chin clean, he allowed the hair to grow luxuriantly along his cheeks. All agreed that General Ambrose E. Burnside looked imposing in his burnside. They were still elegant whiskers and still to the General's credit even after syllables were reversed and they were called sideburns.

Vacations Unlimited

(Continued from page 16)

the huge globe in its lobby and the various instruments for recording the weather.

Fifth Ave. with its large department stores is only a short distance away. Window shop to 34th and you will find Macy's, the largest department store in the world, and the Empire State building and after a panoramic view of the city from its tower, hop an open-topped bus to Washington Square, heart of Greenwich Village. Rents are too high for the artists who once made the Village famous but you'll catch something of its old atmosphere in the studio of Sam Kramer at 29 W. 8th, who not only makes exotic and sometimes lovely jewelry but also advertises that some people consider it repulsive. The International Book Shop at 17 W. 8th is one of the best for fine second-hand books, and Eighth Street is famous too for its numerous small shops selling antique wares and merchandise from Mexico, India, Russia and South America.

Any passerby will direct you to a subway for the Battery (New Yorkers are pretty helpful, in spite of legends to the contrary). After a view of the Statue of Liberty, walk over to lower Washington Street to the tiny Syrian section and if you have time lunch at the Son of the Sheik at No. 77 (get mixed ices for dessert, if they are available) or buy the famous Syrian candies of George Shalhoub at No. 65. Now a short walk to old Trinity Church at the head of Wall Street; to the Stock Exchange at 11 Wall; the Sub-Treasury at Broad and Wall, where Washington was inaugurated as first president; and, if you have time, down lower Broadway and steamship row to the Battery for the nickel ferry ride to Staten Island and back (allow an hour for the trip).

Ask anyone for subway or bus directions to Chinatown and don't miss the Joss House with its huge mural depicting a Chinese hades on which Dante could not improve. There are plenty of curio shops and the drugstores, the newspapers, the grocery and meat shops with their strange vegetables and dried ducks are fascinating. The China Lane is a good restaurant; if you have time perhaps you'll even visit the Chinese movie for a few bewildered moments.

Back to bus or subway for Union Square, once the meeting place of New York's radicals, and if time is not too short, a stroll to Pete's Tavern at 18th and Irving Place, where O. Henry often bent the elbow. Thence by BMT subway to Times Square for a walk up Broadway through the movie and theatre section and over to Rockefeller Center. The guided tour of the Center is well worth while, and a show at Radio City Music Hall, largest motion picture theatre in the world, is not to be missed. St. Patrick's Cathedral is a step from the Center, and a stroll

down Fifth Ave. past famous shops and stores to 42nd St. and you are again within stone's throw of the Commodore.

If you have time, perhaps you'll visit the famous Bronx Zoo and Botanical Gardens (about 40 minutes each way by subway); the Museum of Modern Art at 11 W. 53rd, small and always stimulating; the Metropolitan Museum of Art at 82nd and Fifth, huge but good if you resolve not to walk your legs off; Central Park, where the nationally known Goldman band will be giving free concerts every other evening of the summer; the Cathedral of St. John the Divine, as awe-inspiring as the magnificent cathedrals of Europe; and the American Museum of Natural History, Central Park W. and 79th, with its spectacular displays of animals in their native settings.

Now for a few of the good and very reasonably priced restaurants: Every-one of course visits the famous Automats, where everything from sandwiches to pie is dispensed through slot machines. Stouffer's across from the Commodore has excellent American cooking and service; the Champs Elysees at 25 E. 40th serves a fine meal with a French flavor. Favorite hang-out of newspapermen and always busy is the Artists and Writers at 213 W. 40th; and Toffenetti's at Broadway and 43rd is something of a goldfish bowl but you may eat very privately downstairs and well and reasonably at lunch to boot.

If you like really foreign food at reasonable prices, try Kavkaz at 317 E. 14th, an utterly unpretentious Russian place with red-checked table cloths where the shashlyk (lamb barbecued on long spits), the beef stroganof and the sirniki are delicious; the Mexican Gardens at 137 Waverly Place (off Washington Square), where the rapid-fire Spanish of the waitress, Nellie, will delight you and the Stockholm at 27 W. 51st, where you like the Swedish smorgasbord whether you care ordinarily for foreign foods or not.

For either luncheon or before the theatre Sardi's at 234 W. 44th tops my list, and it is not expensive. If it is crowded, go upstairs for a cocktail and ask either Jimmy or Dick, the captains there, to save you the first table below. After your drink the table will be ready and I know you'll enjoy the hundreds of caricatures of actors on the walls. A favorite dish of mine is caneloni, so well prepared at Sardi's it would make the stone lions in front of the public library lick their chops in anticipation.

Dressing formally has not yet come back for night life in New York, so that you need not concern yourself about it. A good rule of thumb for a night club evening, I find, is to figure \$15 a person, if you would eat well and

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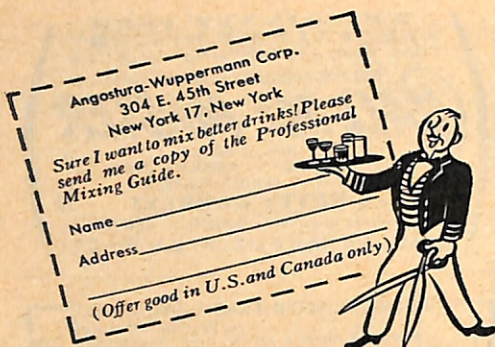
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SECRETARIES AND LODGE CORRESPONDENTS PLEASE NOTE

The Elks Magazine wants to print as much news of Subordinate Lodge activities as it can possibly handle. There are, of course, the limitations of space and that all important problem of time. We must send the magazine to our printer considerably in advance of the day it reaches you each month.

Therefore, will you note on your records that all material sent for publication in The Elks Magazine should be in our hands not later than the 15th of the second month preceding the date of issue of the Magazine—for example, news items intended for the August issue should reach us by June 15th.

drink moderately; extra drinks will run a dollar apiece or slightly under. Most night club shows begin at 8, 12 and 2.

One of the most reasonable night spots is the Pan American room at Rogers' Corner, where the orchestra men are always hilariously entertaining. The Copacabana puts on an excellent, fast-paced show in a striking atmosphere of palm trees; the Versailles is small and smartly French in atmosphere, with good shows; the Monte Carlo stunningly lavish, with a chef whose breast of guinea hen with wild rice and a sauce containing white grapes is food for the gods; and El Morocco small, elegant, expensive, is restful yet sparkling in its decor.

Among the larger Broadway spots the Latin Quarter has a good show, eye-catching decorations and straight American food. Leon and Eddie's was apparently decorated by artists from "Esquire" in their off moments, and Zanzibar is huge, dark, crowded and the spot for those who like colored entertainment (I imagine Bill Robinson will still be there in person this July and probably in July, 1947, too).

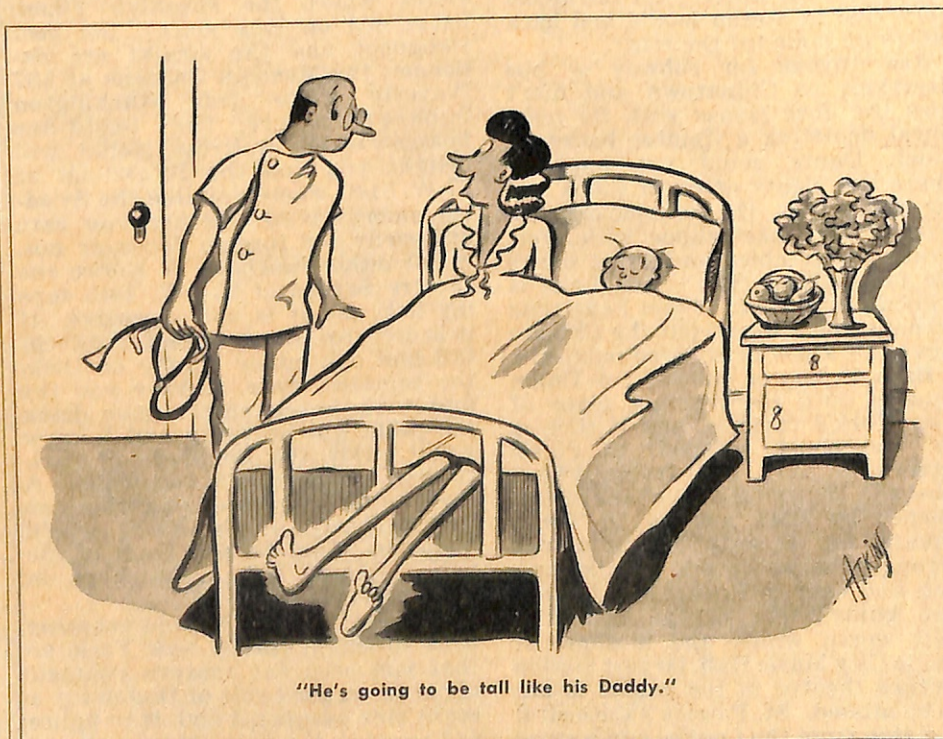
A word about plays. If possible select an air-conditioned theatre, for some are literally ovens in summertime. Try to see Eddie Dowling in "The Glass Menagerie"; "Harvey" stars that gloriously invisible rabbit; "Life with Father" is a Broadway institution no one should miss; "Dream Girl" a knowing satire on a maiden who seeks life in fantasy rather than fact; "State of the Union" a sophisticated drama of a man who can't decide whether to be right or be president and "Born Yesterday", a hilarious number about racketeers, heels and a dumb dame who gets educated.

In the musical comedy field "Fol-

low the Girls" is funny but not for Aunt Kate; "Show Boat" is marvelous and so are "The Red Mill", "Are You With It" and "Call Me Mister". "Oklahoma!", still going strong, contains those catchy lyrics everyone was singing not so long ago.

Summertime is still Big League time in New York, and that means a visit either to the Polo Grounds, the Yankee Stadium or, if you are a Dodger fan, Ebbets Field in Brooklyn if the teams are in town. Luckily for those who enjoy racing, the season will be in full swing during July at Jamaica. If golf is your sport, my golfing friends suggest the municipal courses, relatively uncrowded Monday through Friday and badly crowded week ends. Moshulu course (Lexington Ave. subway to Woodhaven) is wooded but not too hard, they report; Forest Park (IRT subway, Flushing line, to 82nd St., Queens; Q-29 bus to Myrtle Ave. and walk—a good trip) is wooded, sporty and on the difficult side and La Tourette (ferry to Staten Island, then bus; allow a good hour and a quarter each way from the Commodore) is the least crowded and rated tops because of its test of golfing skill, scenery and topography.

No first trip to New York would be complete without a visit to Coney Island (an hour each way by subway) and if there are youngsters in your party they'll enjoy the roller coasters and the scores and scores of other amusements. By July the beach at Coney will be extremely crowded, so that if you have time (about an hour and a half each way), plan to drive out to Jones Beach along beautiful Long Island parkways or take the Long Island railroad there. The sands are grand, the ocean bathing delightful, and there's no more pleasant fillip for your visit in New York City.



What America Is Reading

(Continued from page 19)

Providence that we had him in command in the great war. He is representative, too, of the plain, hard-hitting young men who made up the military forces of the United States. He conducted the war with a minimum of formality, got down to brass tacks in a hurry, treated everybody fairly and never lost sight of the fact that the American people, and not a handful of men with stars on their shoulders, were fighting the war. And even though you have read all the war reports you can stand—"the war's over"—you will find a book about Gen. Eisenhower, during the campaigns, of engrossing importance and interest, because it reveals the man.

That book is "My Three Years With Eisenhower", the diary kept by the general's naval aide, Capt. Harry C. Butcher, U.S.N.R. Capt. Butcher had an enviable position. He was present at many important conferences, conferred with President Roosevelt for Gen. Eisenhower, was the principal naval officer present at the surrender of the Germans and often held a hand at bridge with the general and his staff. Thus he heard and saw everything of importance, and some of it passed through his hands. Moreover he was in a position to discuss plans with Gen. Eisenhower and to present his views informally, often with effect. He has a sense of balance that leads him to laugh at his own embarrassment, and he is as free from self-importance as Eisenhower. So his book offers a treat.

For instance there was that time, soon after the war closed, when he learned that General Dwight D. Eisenhower's No. 1 plan was to retire and fish. Someone had said that the general would be president some day, but Capt. Butcher objected. "I said General Ike would have no part of it. All he wants now is to sit by a quiet stream and fish—he doesn't give a damn whether he catches anything."

However, when at war, we learn that General Ike "has only one speed and that is superhigh". He had to be a diplomat and ameliorator. There were times when the British prime minister embarrassed the American command by premature announcement of victories; when Eisenhower had to intercede with Gen. Alexander on behalf of the commander-in-chief of the Canadian troops, and didn't get to first base; when he was worried by the large losses of big bombers in raids on Germany. It is revealing to observe how carefully Eisenhower cultivated Allied unity, keeping in mind the sensitive feelings of all branches and nationalities. Part of his concern was to keep close to the GIs and for this purpose he talked with individual soldiers and small groups personally. "Ike frets when reporters get close enough to hear

these conversations because he doesn't want the GIs to feel that he is simply putting on a show by talking with them."

But besides the personal side-lights, there are important historical matters. Capt. Butcher describes the days of anxious waiting before D-day for the invasion of the French coast. He shows that the actual date was not set in advance but depended on the tides and the weather. We needed clear weather and a wind blowing five or six miles inshore, so that the smoke would blind the enemy. He pictures Gen. Ike at critical times and during great moments, as when he was called to the phone at Rheims and learned that Hodges was across the Rhine at Remagen. The plans had been directed elsewhere. "Sure, get right on across with everything you've got," said Eisenhower to Bradley, who was on the wire; "To hell with the planners..."

So you see there will be much in this book to hold your interest and enthusiasm. (Simon & Schuster, \$5).

ENTIRELY different, but no less valuable, is "General Wainwright's Story", as edited by Robert Considine. Here is the drama of courage; the personal account by the officer who was in command in the Philippines after Gen. MacArthur left; who surrendered on Corregidor and passed through the humiliation and suffering of Japanese prison camps, and lived to see the Japanese surrender. It is a story of devotion to duty, told without formality, and makes the reader proud of the men who defended the American flag to the last. It makes the point that a great nation, taking part in international affairs, must not be unprepared for war.

The story of the Japanese is like that of a barbarian invasion. The Japs disregarded the white flag that Wainwright raised, and even after he had begun to talk with the Japanese emissary, they continued shelling. "Why the hell don't you people stop shooting?" shouted Wainwright, "I put up my flag hours ago." The officer replied that they had not yet accepted his surrender.

With similar arrogance the Japanese officers and soldiers lorded it over their prisoners. They made the American officers bow to sergeants. At Karenka prison camp they slapped and beat them. Some were severely injured; one officer had his neck broken, but lived. Gen. Wainwright believes the Japanese always have been animated by a spirit of inferiority and here was their opportunity to humiliate the white officers. He believes that Americans are entirely too kind in their estimate of foreign nations that have designs on territory and thinks watchfulness and preparedness necessary to protect the

MECHANICS • HOME STUDY

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United States. (Doubleday, \$3)

Novels are often based on personal experiences. This is supposed to be the origin of "The Snake Pit", by Mary Jane Ward, a tale of a patient's experiences in a hospital for mental illness. Mary Jane Ward had a spell of illness in the years when she was trying to be both a housewife and a writer and meeting with disappointment in the literary sphere. But whatever befell her, she did not lose her ability to see clearly what was going on around her. She tried for years to be a successful novelist and published several books, but it was not until "The Snake Pit" was chosen by the Book of the Month Club that she won national attention and entered the best-seller lists. The title of her story refers to the ancient practice of lowering an insane person into a snake pit with the object of restoring his sanity by shock. Whether or not it ever did, we don't know. But in the story Virginia Cunningham, the patient, is subjected to several shock treatments, including being tubbed and being given the cold sheet treatment. The patient was never so disturbed mentally that she did not see the amusing side in the attempts of doctors and nurses to deal with cases they did not understand. The doctors who interviewed her tried to determine what was wrong by the usual delving into her past, and they did discover that a young man whom Virginia had loved had died eighteen years before, but Virginia was certain that this had left no scars. Some of the questions were clearly ludicrous and at the end, when Virginia was considered cured, one doctor admitted they didn't understand her case at all. Thus, while intended to be fiction, "The Snake Pit" may reveal important facts; indeed, the author has said that she hopes her book "may do some good". It should make readers wary of nurses who have the power to push a patient over the divide that separates normality and insanity. (Random House, \$2.50)

ALL honor to a young writer who goes her own way, independent of writing fashions and of the wishes of magazine editors! Eudora Welty, who comes from the Mississippi cotton country, writes her stories in a manner different from any other southern writer—William Faulkner, or Stark Young, or Frank Yerby, or anyone else who falls back on the rich southern scene for situations and characters. After making an enviable reputation as the writer of original short stories, Miss Welty has now turned to the novel. It is true that "Delta Wedding" deals with a single family and that the female angle is uppermost in it, but families are not the sole possession of southern novelists. "Delta Wedding" differs in feeling, mood and narration from other stories; indeed, that may be a reason why some readers will find it difficult. It describes the "clamorous Fairchilds," who have a

cotton plantation in Mississippi. Dabney Fairchild, aged seventeen, is about to be married, and members of the family are gathering to attend. The character in which the author is most interested is Dabney's cousin, Laura, aged nine, who arrives and gets acquainted with all the uncles and aunts and plays with the younger children. Practically the whole action is seen through her eyes. There is no formal plot, but there is a network of relationships, all described with warmth and sometimes with affection, which may be a new note in southern novels. (Harcourt, Brace, \$2.75)



"THIS Side of Innocence" is a family story, too, but a very different one. I need only say that it is one of Taylor Caldwell's closely plotted tales to indicate how little it relies on atmosphere and how thoroughly on the clash of well-defined characters in the same family. Perhaps Taylor Caldwell has drawn upon backgrounds of her home locality in portraying the Lindseys, bankers in upstate New York, and their marital troubles. Miss Caldwell is Mrs. Marcus Reback in private life and lives in Buffalo, N. Y. The Lindseys are described with great care and the basis of the story is a feud between Jerome Lindsey and his cousin Alfred, who was adopted as a son by Jerome's father. When Alfred falls in love with an impecunious school teacher, Jerome gets her away from him. In later life their daughter, Mary, falls in love with a son of Alfred's, and there are some dramatic situations in which Mary confronts her father, Jerome denounces Alfred, and everyone is near apoplexy over the family discord. Miss Caldwell's stories seem cut too close to familiar patterns, but her huge following indicates that readers prefer a strong line of narrative and do not always search for novelty. (Scribner, \$3)

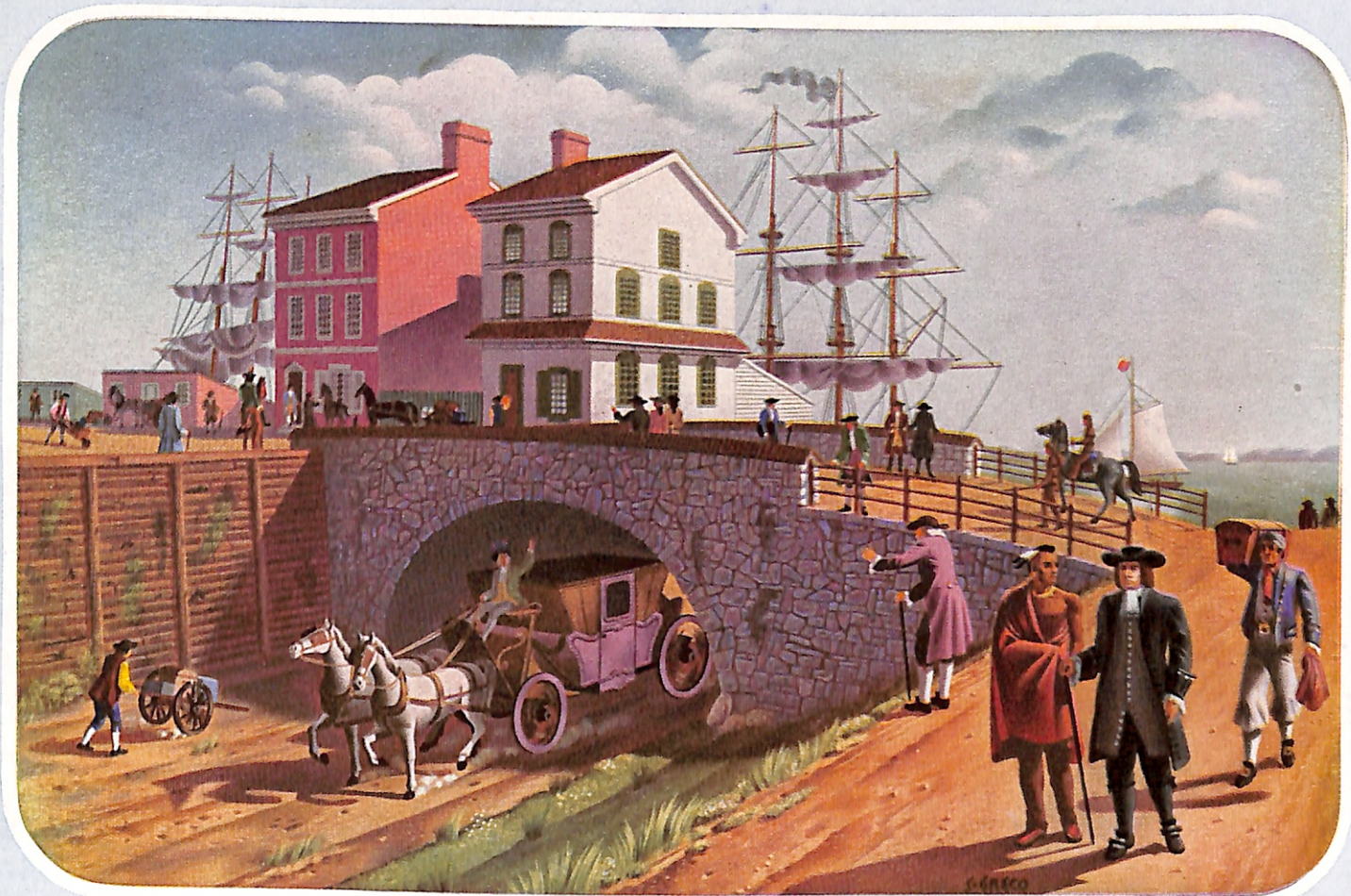
| GOT a great deal of pleasure out of "The Canvas Sky", by David Liebo-

vitz. This is a circus story—a small tent show, visiting the little towns, is the scene. And young Craig Johnson, who tells the story of his adventures, is something of a misfit; a good athlete, but not a very good performer; moreover he falls in love with the great Kolm, an aerialist, and suffers from everything but a broken heart in the process. This story is full of quaint circus characters, not all of them good-natured or friendly. The bickering, jealousy and backbiting of the show people make life hard for several. The owner, Long John (Double T) Whitaker, head of The Plain Yankee Road Show, is like a character out of Dickens. This is an entertaining and thoroughly absorbing story. Harcourt, Brace, \$3)

MARK HARRIS' "Trumpet to the World" grows out of the serious issues of our times. It purports to be the story of how Willie Jim, a nondescript colored lad from Athens, Ga., grew up, defied the Jim Crow laws and suffered under the discrimination of the Army. The last year or two has seen many books and plays on Negro themes. Mr. Harris' story is intended to show how the Negro fares in the Army, and I think this part of the story is better than the earlier part, in which Willie Jim is practically captured by a white girl in a way that makes great demands on my credulity. (Reynal & Hitchcock, \$2.50)

IT SEEMS there will always be stories of violence and crime, which isn't surprising, considering the times. The latest to come from England is "Night and the City", by Gerald Kersh. This was written before the war and reflects the London night life of the 1930s. Its chief character is Harry Fabian, a cheap would-be racketeer, who wants to exploit wrestlers and become a big shot, but never gets far beyond petty blackmail and living off vice. The women of the story work in bars and clubs. Mr. Kersh knows how to spin a yarn, and having been a bouncer and wrestler himself he ought to know what he is describing. I was especially interested in the way these Cockney characters talk. They have developed a slang of their own, hard for us to translate. It is easy to see how our "double-crosser" becomes "twicer", but when "Fanny" means "a lot of baloney" we have to be told that it comes from "Sweet Fanny Adams", which may be a song. When a Cockney wants to tell a man to "scram" he says "take a ball o' chalk". How that arose we have no way of knowing. (Simon & Schuster, \$2.50)

"THE Trouble at Turkey Hill", the latest contribution of Kathleen Moore Knight, deals with murders in a Cape Cod community, started by the death of the young wife of a returning veteran. This is recommended as a good mystery story. (Crime Club, \$2)



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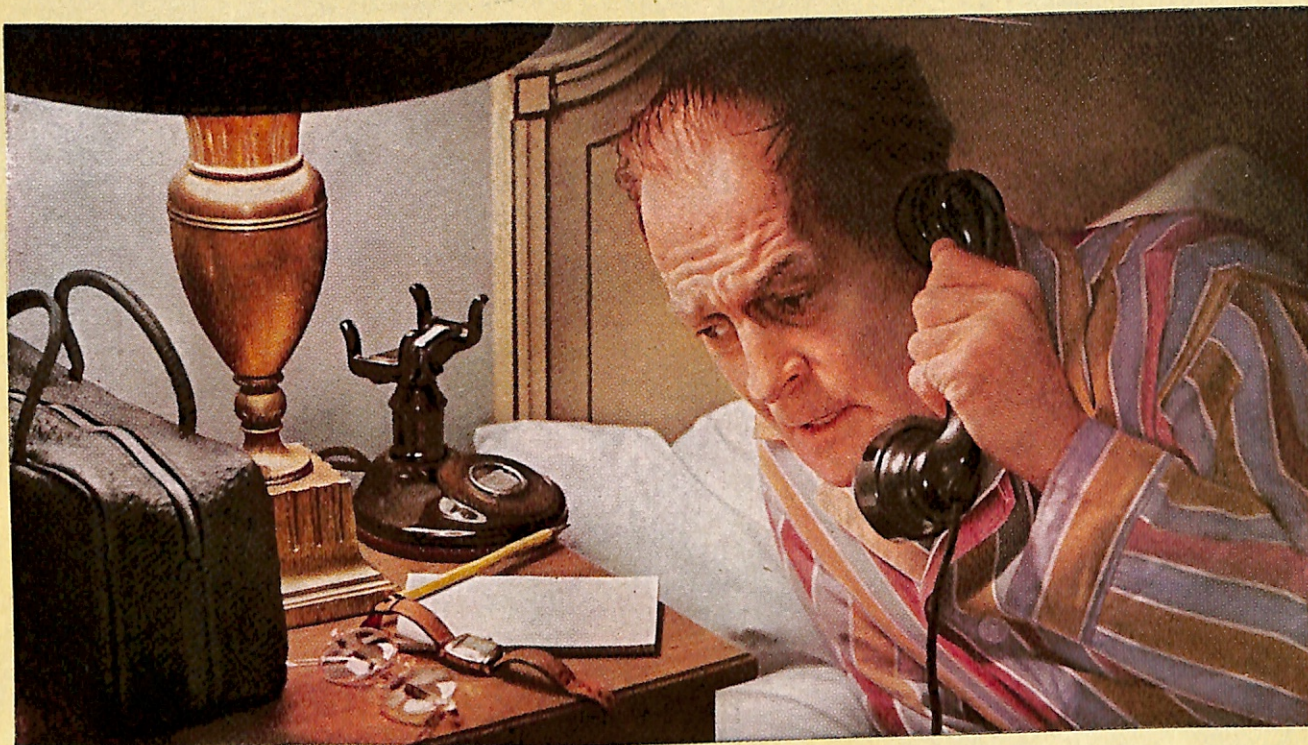
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